New Republic

FEBRUARY 28, 1949

★ THE REMINGTON CASE

By JAMES A. WECHSLER

★ JOHN DOS PASSOS AND HIS CRITICS

By MALCOLM COWLEY

★ NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE IS A SUCCESS IN BRITAIN

15¢

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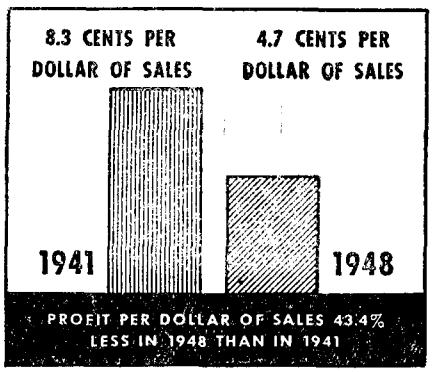
Profits at work

now...and in the future!

In 1948, International Harvester had the largest sales and dollar profit in its history. However, rate of profit per dollar of sales—4.7 cents—was the lowest of any normal period in many years. It was only three-fifths that of 1941, when rate of profit was 8.3 cents.



On sales of 945 million dollars, our profits were $44,909,000. The company also had income of $10,770,000 in dividends from subsidiaries and in miscellaneous income, making a total profit after taxes of $55,679,000. Of this, slightly less than half was paid in dividends—$27,155,090. Slightly more than half—$28,524,000 was plowed back into the business. Dividends from operations in foreign countries represent a substantial part of the money plowed back.

"Profits plowed back" are profits at work

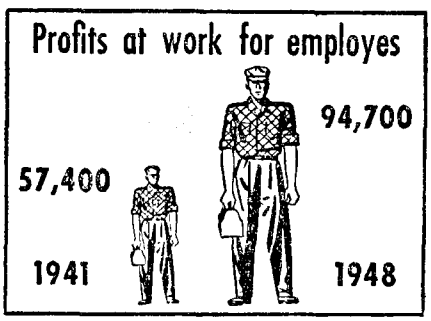
"Profits plowed back" are not so many actual dollars under lock and key in banks. They are not like the money that King Midas used to admire just for money's sake.

They are profits at work—now . . . and in the future! They are money in new production lines and new equipment. They are money in parts and inventories of all kinds.

From 1941 through 1948, International Harvester has built six new plants, has made extensive improvements in existing plants, and has greatly increased inventory. "Profits plowed back" in the business—from both domestic and foreign operations—provided $113,600,000 toward this.

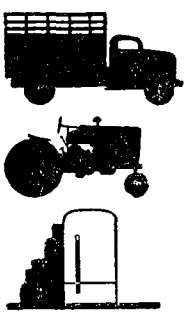
How have "plowed back" profits benefited our employes, customers, and stockholders?

Profits at work for employes



It is our policy to provide well paid jobs, with ample opportunities for advancement, at good places to work, to the largest number of men and women who can be productively employed. "Profits plowed back" have helped in increasing the average number of employes from 57,400 in 1941 to 94,700 in 1948. Average earnings have increased 92.6% for non-salaried factory workers; 84.0% for non-managerial salaried employes; 83.0% for managerial salaried employes.

Profits at work for customers



TRUCKS
1948—165,600
1947—142,700

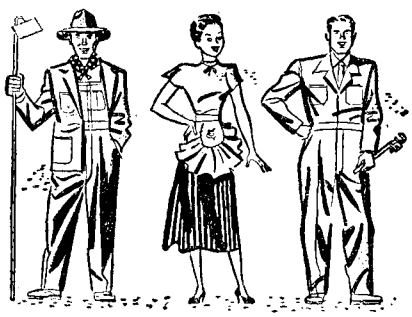
TRACTORS
1948—146,777
1947—110,937

REFRIGERATION
1948—128,397
1947— 35,005

"Profits plowed back" have aided in the development of our extensive manufacturing research facilities and in the creation of new products such as the little Farmall "Cub" Tractor, the cotton picker, refrigeration, and many other items. They have contributed to our expanded plant capacity which has made it possible to furnish customers with more goods at the lowest possible prices.

Wages and materials are the principal items of cost that govern our prices. You have seen how much wages and salaries have been increased. Government figures show that the prices on materials have increased 81% since 1941. Price on metals and metal products is up 78%. But the price increases on IH *products are less than any of these* figures. They have been 72.0% on motor trucks; 74.0% on industrial power products; and 60.0% on farm machines.

Profits at work for stockholders



The 46,000 IH stockholders are a cross section of all groups—farmers, housewives, factory workers, and others. In 1948, dividends paid on common stock represent an increase in "wages" of stockholders of 63% over 1941.

Profits at work in the future

Profits at work made it possible for International Harvester, in 1948, to *serve more people*—employes, customers, and stockholders—*in greater measure than ever before.* By continuing to earn a profit, we hope also to continue to serve more people in greater measure than ever before.

Profits mean progress for everyone

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WHAT AN AWKWARD JOB we have getting around the Constitution and then pretending we haven't touched it. Now it's the Atlantic pact. An advance American pledge to resist aggression might have prevented World Wars I and II, and might now avert Number III. But the Executive can't negotiate a military pledge because the Constitution (Art. 1, Sect. 8) gives Congress, not the President, power to declare war. When bumbling Senator Connally blurted that out, it shocked many. Good old Frank Sullivan candidly admitted that the problem of constitutional separation of powers, which is "basic," arises "also, and increasingly, in many domestic matters."

If sponsors of the Atlantic pact want to badly enough, they can probably weasel-word around the Constitution. We rather hope they do. The Washington *Star*, a most conservative family journal, came right out with it. "It is not reasonable," it said, "for members of the Senate to be standing on the letter of the Constitution." Since an honest rewriting of the Constitution is probably impossible, the sooner we circumvent it (*i.e.*, "stop standing on the letter") the better. We have already done this by general consent with the absurd Electoral College provision, though it may take another century or two to wipe it off the books.

General MacArthur needs a refresher course at home. Outside of a brief visit to the US in 1937 to get married, he has been in the Orient since 1935—14 years. The American mental climate has changed in that time. For example, US trade unions have quadrupled their membership. Does MacArthur know it? He is virtual dictator of Japan. Strikes are banned. The last election almost wiped out the liberal middle parties. The ultra-conservatives won a landslide; the Communists jumped from four to 35 seats. The MacArthur rule is developing extremists.

The great Tokyo spy story was a rehash from Japanese police files of an alleged prewar Russian spy ring. It was got up like a Hollywood scenario by MacArthur's bright young men and suddenly thrown at American newspapers. It charged that certain English and American correspondents, including Agnes Smedley, were prewar Soviet "spies." Now it appears that these charges are unsubstantiated—the Army calls them a "public relations faux pas." (We wonder what the Army would consider a real mistake: probably losing a war.) The report was lurid in style, obviously designed to cause fear and suspicion by implying that the same thing could happen in the US Yes, we think MacArthur needs a refresher course at home.

Spies are getting too much for us. Liz Bentley's uncorroborated charges against William Remington of the Commerce Department were dismissed by the Federal Loyalty Review Board after seven months. We hoped that marked a recession from the peak of postwar spy mania. But now the Communist *Daily Worker* interrupts publication of a book by Anna Louise Strong after recommending her for the Pulitzer Prize. Sink us if she isn't a Capitalist Spy—Moscow says so! Russia is deporting her as "a well-known intelligence agent." The kind of reception Miss Strong will get here is fascinatingly uncertain. Will Hearst embrace her? The Administration has put the Un-American Activities Committee on ice, but Chairman Wood (D, Ga.) contemplates an invitation to the baffling Miss Strong.

Incidentally, Chairman Wood is not a Dies or a Parnell Thomas, thank

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Coming Next Week

Another Special Supplement—

NEXT STEPS IN THE FAIR DEAL:

A Political Action Program

At a private, round-table conference held in Washington recently, a group of persons directly concerned with various aspects of the Truman Fair Deal—members of Congress, union and farm leaders, economists, political figures—discussed the future.

In particular, they discussed steps that should be taken immediately *to consolidate the liberal coalition and to implement the programs for dealing with monopolies, excessive profits, inflation, encouragement of civil rights, a new labor law, a farm program, policies on health and social security,* and other pressing questions.

Among those who participated were the following—

DEWEY ANDERSON, *Executive Director, Public Affairs Institute*
DAVID BAKER, *Associate Secretary, South Carolina National Democratic Party*
ANDREW J. BIEMILLER, *U. S. Representative from Wisconsin*
RICHARD BOLLING, *U. S. Representative from Missouri*
DR. MAXIE CARLETON COLLINS, *Baptist Minister*
HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS, *U. S. Representative from California*
TILFORD DUDLEY, *Assistant Director, CIO-PAC*
GARDNER JACKSON, *Publicist*
JOSEPH KEENAN, *Director, Labor's League for Political Education, AFL*
JOSEPH P. LASH, *Contributing Editor, the New Republic; Secretary of Round Table and editor of its proceedings*
JOHN MULLEN, *PAC Director, United Steelworkers of America, CIO*
CLAUDE PEPPER, *U. S. Senator from Florida: Presided at morning session*
LESLIE PERRY, *Washington Representative, NAACP*
JOSEPH L. RAUH, *Chairman, Executive Committee, ADA*
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT JR., *Attorney*
BEN STONG, *Chairman, Regional Committee for Missouri Valley Authority*
MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor, the New Republic; Presided at afternoon session*
GUS TYLER, *Political Director, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union*
ROBERT F. WAGNER JR., *Chairman, City Planning Commission, NYC*
A. F. WHITNEY, *President, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen*

The detailed report of what they said adds up to a sizable supplement which you will find in next week's *New Republic*. It is a logical follow-up to the January 10 supplement, "State of the Union: A Program for Liberal America," which was hailed as "practical and constructive," "a magnificent job," "a beaut," and which has sold in reprint form, well along in five figures.

Read every word of next week's supplement—and keep it for reference and guidance. You'll be glad you did!

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2/28/49

heavens, but he has his interesting little crotchets too. Asked once in 1946 why the committee didn't investigate the Klan, he explained: "After all, the Klan is an American institution. Its members are American. Our job is to investigate foreign isms and alien organizations."

Sooner or later, we are persuaded, the American labor movement must start its own newspaper. It has been done in Britain and Scandinavia. It was a tragedy to let the New York *Star* go. We have a one-party press clamoring for "two-party government." The same editorial pages which almost universally declared that ending the OPA would bring down living costs are now saying that standby controls are unnecessary in the present tense economic situation. Another instance is the anti-rent-control drive of the *Reader's Digest* (15 million copies) through its article "No Vacancies," reprints of which it is peddling to real-estate boards.

Then there is the startling story from Don Hollenbeck ("CBS Views the Press") who quoted a transcript of a report from a California state medical association representative on how Governor Warren's health-insurance plan was smeared. Each of the 700 state newspapers, it seems, "received a minimum of 100 column inches of advertising" in 12 months. Previously they had been distant, aloof. After advertising—"We found that the response from editors, in publicity, has been far beyond anything we expected when we started the campaign."

Notes. If a big crash comes, the US has no shelf of blueprints for public works. The GOP 80th Congress let the act for creating such a shelf expire. . . . Economist Theodore Schultz, University of Chicago, told the O'Mahoney committee that the stage is all set for another mass migration from farming. . . . Eighteen million veterans, plus families, equal 40 percent of the nation: the country obviously can't have both the Rankin veterans'-pension bill and the social-security system.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 120, NUMBER 9, ISSUE 1787, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 28, 1949 **New Republic**

"LEADERSHIP THEY DON'T DESERVE"

IT WAS IN NORWAY that the debating-society unrealities of the phony war of 1940 became the bloody realities of World War II. It was also in Norway that resistance to foreign aggression, at any cost and by any means, became the supreme command of the free peoples of the West. And now it is again in Norway that a free people has had to make a difficult and dangerous choice: either to accept the American invitation to become a party to a North Atlantic military-defense system, or to yield to a plain Soviet warning that such a step may lead to another tragedy in the April, 1940, pattern.

The choice is a moral as well as a political test, and in it the other free peoples of Western Europe, all of them beset by the problem of how best to prevent the cold war of 1949 from becoming World War III, see a showcase display of their own dilemma. Moreover, they have become aware that the choice touches the crux of the problem of the West's defense—the intentions of the US, and even more important, the practical ways and means of carrying them out.

Four years ago American intentions in Europe seemed clear. To the Europeans who had fought for freedom in what President Roosevelt called the war for survival, America gave a firm commitment: the US would at any cost and by any means use its new-found strength to prevent a third world war. Western Europe's security against aggression was America's own concern; the old American isolationism was dead; never again would the US wait for a *Lusitania* or a Pearl Harbor: all this was said boldly and bravely by responsible statesmen of both major American political parties.

When, at Dumbarton Oaks and at San Francisco, the US made itself the most ardent sponsor of the United Nations organization, American political prestige became as great among Western Europeans as had been the repute of American military might at the war's end. The enthusiastic reception of Article 51 of the UN Charter seemed a far cry from the US Senate's repudiation of the League of Nations in 1920 over Article 10 of the Covenant. All this meant to Western Europeans that the Americans had come of age politically, that never again would they let the horse-and-buggy limitations of an eighteenth-century Constitution put their country at the mercy of the military dangers of the twentieth century.

Then, lest there be any mistake about its intention to accept the hard practicalities of modern politics, the US encouraged Western Europeans to act boldly and bravely. Neither the Western Union nor the Brussels Pact would have come out of the blueprint phase had it not been for the clearest intimations that the US was ready, indeed eager, to share the practical risks. The final proof of US determination was the start, some six months ago, of discussions of a North Atlantic defense pact. The operative clause of this alliance was to be the same as Article 4 of the Brussels Pact, which commits the signatories to give the victim of aggression "all military and other aid and assistance in their power."

Robert A. Lovett, then US Undersecretary of State, rejected this formula. The Europeans produced a compromise: Article 5 of the draft pact was changed to omit the "all" and to read "military and other action forthwith." This too was rejected. The next change was to "military *or* other action." Dean Acheson became Secretary of State, conferred with Tom Connally and Arthur Vandenberg of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, then informed the Western Europeans that the phrase would have to be watered down still more to read simply "action forthwith."

Unfortunately, it was at about this time that Washington let it be known that no Western European nation which remained outside the Atlantic alliance could expect to get US arms. The Swedes, just across the Baltic from the Soviet Union, felt they didn't dare join the pact; the US intimation had therefore the effect (probably intentional) of breaking up discussion of a Scandinavian regional-defense agreement. The Norwegians, on the other hand, moved more rapidly toward the pact. Foreign Minister Halvard Lange came to Washington, and asked Acheson a number of pointed questions, among them whether Norway could count on priority in receiving US arms.

It didn't help Western European trust in America when Acheson informed Lange he couldn't give specific assurances of any kind about the amount and

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nature of American aid to Norway, military or otherwise; this didn't seem a fair sharing of the risks. Meantime, rumors spread in Europe that Norway was being called upon to give air bases to the US. In Washington, these rumors were officially denied, but James Reston of the New York *Times*, explained:

> If Norway came into the Atlantic Pact, it would be hoped that Norway—*of her own volition* and after talks with the other nations in the Pact—would realize that, in the event of war, her airfields would have to meet certain specifications, and her ports have certain facilities if direct United States assistance, during a war, were to be effective. (Italics ours.)

The Soviets delivered a threatening ultimatum to Oslo; Moscow Radio attacked the French government, implying that French adhesion to the Atlantic pact would violate the Franco-Russian Agreement of December, 1944. Worry spread through Western Europe. Denmark's Foreign Minister Gustav Rasmussen complained bitterly that Washington had hurt the cause of peace by torpedoing the Scandinavian regional agreement. In Paris and elsewhere, officials said the US was creating doubt and confusion.

Then, on February 15—one month less than 29 years after the Senate turned down the League of Nations—Tom Connally told his colleagues in the Senate:

> Of course we are interested in the peace of the world. But that does not mean that we shall blindfold ourselves and make a commitment now to enter every war that may occur in the next ten years. . . . We are not responsible for the disagreements that might grow up in Europe. . . . I do not believe in giving carte blanche assurance to these people that: You do everything you want to do. You need not worry. As soon as this thing happens, we will come over and fight your quarrel for you. In the meantime you may have a good time, and *bask in the sunshine of leadership which you do not deserve.* (Italics ours.)

Senator Vandenberg, the one-time isolationist who in recent years had become an internationalist, didn't go quite as far as his colleague from Texas. He said he believed the Europeans *did* deserve something from the US—not a legal nor even a moral assurance of military leadership, but at least some moonshine. Said he to the Senate (and the world):

> If the Kaiser in World War I or the Führer in World War II had been on notice that an armed attack against any one of these friendly nations with whom we associate ourselves would be *considered a cause even for us to consider and study and determine whether or not* we would enter into the common defense, that would have stopped both these wars before they occurred. . . . This one single designation of a commonality of interest in the North Atlantic Pact, *without any implementation at all*, is the *best assurance in the world* against World War III. (Italics ours.)

Western Europeans thought Connally's airy disclaimer of US responsibility blew coldly over the facts: the cold war isn't of tomorrow but of today; it *is* a "disagreement" between the US and Russia; yet the Europeans may become the victims if it leads to real war. Britain's *Economist*, with careful understatement, reflecting none of the bitterness and deception widely felt on the other side of the English Channel, commented:

> The Atlantic Pact whatever its content and scope will produce Russian suspicion and alarm. Nothing will be gained by leaving uncertain what it demands of its signatories. In fact it will not fulfil its purpose unless it provides a genuine overwhelming deterrent to aggression in Europe.
>
> If it is to be nothing but a political gesture without military capacity behind it, it will invite the one thing that might plunge Europe into a war—an attempt by the Russians, when they feel strong enough, to call the Western bluff. The case of Norway is a warning against the hopeful belief that the cold war can be fought without real risks, real defense measures and real undertakings between the Allies.

It didn't help US prestige in Western Europe, or restore faith in US intentions, for Acheson to assert that there were "no real differences" between the Senate and the Executive in regard to the "objectives" of the Atlantic pact; it was obvious that he had evaded the basic question of ways and means. Nor did it help for him to remark that "We've all got to be restrained."

Restraint can go a bit too far when it applies to the real nature of US intentions in Europe. The Kremlin has won a major victory on the psychological front of the European cold war—won it by default and in the US Senate. What all of Moscow's words—wheedlings in Paris, blusterings in Oslo—failed to do was done by the consummately tactless words of Connally: US prestige is lower than it has been since the end of World War II.

The essential point is that Western Europeans, now on the terrain of the cold war, see that war as America's far more than it is theirs. The essential question for them is what the US will do if the cold war goes the way of the phony war of 1940. They remember most vividly from the two shooting wars not the fact that the US came to liberate them but the fact that they were almost destroyed before the US got through considering whether *to consider and study and determine, whether or not.* . . . They also remember how long it

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took for the US fighting forces to clear the hurdles of indecision in popular sentiment, and of doubt in the Senate.

And this time, when they want desperately to be spared the pre-liberation phases of a world war, they are forced to face the possibility that, after all, the US has *not* changed. Thus, the men in Western Europe who believe in doing precisely what the Norwegians didn't do in 1940, have been strengthened by what the US has done about Norway in 1949.

THE WEEK

The Hottest Issue

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S Economic Stability Act of 1949 seems certain to be the hottest domestic issue that will come before the 81st Congress. Designed to promote "maximum employment, production and purchasing power," this bill is at the same time the most drastic and the most promising step proposed in recent years. It stresses long-range economic stability, not just curbing present inflation.

The bill contains the powers over priorities, allocations, prices and wages requested by the President at the opening of this session of Congress.

But these weapons for coping with the immediate inflation problem are treated as subsidiary to the main issue. Title 2 of the new bill, entitled "Promotion of Production and Supply," is designed to provide a method for looking at the whole basic structure of our industry and planning its most efficient development. Undoubtedly, this Section 2 will soon be famous as industry's No. I target for abuse. The shortsighted leaders of the NAM and the US Chamber of Commerce are already making their displeasure known, and no doubt a considerable portion of their resources will be used to fight this section of the bill.

The new Economic Stability Act is a worthy and essential extension of the Full Employment Act of 1946. The Stability Act is aimed at certain parts of the economy not covered by the earlier legislation. Under it, the President would have the power to do whatever was required to remedy serious shortages of industrial capacity wherever they arose—in power, aluminum, steel, or related industries. Undercapacity in key industries, if allowed to continue, could easily prevent the full employment Congress was aiming to obtain through the previous act. The Stability Act also would empower the President to build up supplies of critical imported materials and to develop new sources of critical materials and, when necessary, curtail non-essential uses. In addition, it would authorize expansion of domestic supply through technological methods in such categories as, for example, iron ore and synthetic fuels.

Mere passage of the Act won't prevent depressions. For one thing, the stabilizing machinery provided in the proposed bill cannot possibly work unless proper fiscal policy goes along with it. For Congress to act on this long-range measure and refuse to act on a tax program would create an impossible contradiction from the start.

This new bill is the first sign of determination and carry-through ability by the White House since the election. The Council of Economic Advisers, given the task of coördinating the preparation of the legislation, worked quickly and thoroughly. The President's original statement to Congress on the need for expanding capacity in key industries was not, like most such policy statements, watered down in the process of getting a bill. Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan, perhaps the most energetic and liberal of the Truman cabinet, has been given complete charge of the handling of this legislation before Congress. He has the authority to select the witnesses who will appear on behalf of the measure, and may coördinate their testimony in advance, in contrast to the helter-skelter handling of the Administration's labor proposals. It will now be his responsibility, too, to see to it that the more drastic sections of this bill are retained.

Given intelligent use of the powers contained in the Stability Act, it should be possible to maintain relative economic equilibrium in this country and to speed progress toward the goal of preventing industrial bottlenecks before they starve out prosperity.

PROGRESS IN POWER

The utility lobby lost its first fight in the 81st Congress when the House passed a $2.5 million appropriation to begin construction of the New Johnsonville steam plant. The last Republican-controlled House had defeated the measure under pressure from the large private power companies.

Representative John Taber (R, N. Y.), last year's axeman, led the opposition, calling the steam plant "a further step toward socialization of the power industry, and that means an entering wedge in all industry—complete socialism and the end of American liberty." His motion to kill the appropriation was defeated 192-105. The Republicans, voting almost as a bloc, lost a motion to recommit the measure by a vote of 148 to 237, and then, recognizing defeat, voted with the Democrats for final passage.

The success of the TVA and the need for the steam plant on the lower Tennessee River has been unquestioned

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by those who are familiar with the project. Total cost, including transmission lines, will be approximately $54 million. The steam plant will stabilize the seasonal hydroelectric power provided by the Pickwick and Kentucky Dams, one-sixth of the TVA's power production. TVA engineers estimate that the demand for electricity will increase 50 percent in the next three years; without the plant there would then be a serious power shortage.

Taber's cry of "socialism" has been echoed by the National Association of Electric Companies, whose representative is Purcell L. Smith, highest paid lobbyist in Washington ($65,000 a year). Both Smith and the US Chamber of Commerce argued against the steam plant during the subcommittee hearings. On the side of those favoring the steam plant are some six million Americans who look to the TVA as the sole source of their electricity. Now the fight shifts to the Senate, which approved the plant last year.

THE AMA'S REMEDY

The American Medical Association diagnosed President Truman's national health-insurance program and prescribed a 12-point scheme that is about as effective as using aspirin to cure cancer. There is nothing new about voluntary health insurance, which has been in operation for decades and has proved that it does not meet the nation's needs.

The AMA has now made a counter-proposal to the Administration's program which would use some federal funds, provided by taxpayers, to aid private agencies in caring for "indigent and medically indigent" persons (similar to Senator Taft's charity plan which failed to win even the approval of the 80th Congress). Much of the AMA program is either on the statute books already or is incorporated in the various health bills now before Congress: government aid for construction of hospitals and mental-hygiene programs is already authorized by law; creation of a national science foundation, state medical-care authorities, aid for local public health, and expansion of medical, dental and nursing education are covered by legislation now pending. As for the AMA's proposal to create a Federal Department of Health with cabinet status, that idea was rejected by the last Congress and was more recently turned down by the Hoover Commission and the House Expenditures Committee.

Dr. Channing Frothingham, of the Committee for the Nation's Health, called the AMA plan a "fancy press-relations job designed to obscure the AMA's stubborn opposition to any program which would bring medical care within the means of the average man."

But the counter-proposal to the compulsory-health-insurance bills of Senator Murray (D, Mont.) and Representative Dingell (D, Mich.) will undoubtedly find support in Congress. Senator Lister Hill, member of a prominent medical family in Alabama, has said he would introduce similar legislation. Charity-minded Senator Taft (R, Ohio) plans to present his own version, under which the federal government would be limited to helping states finance voluntary-health-insurance programs.

By offering its 12-point scheme, the AMA has at least admitted that all is not well on the health front. It has also admitted that it is more concerned over who controls the finances of medical care than how much it costs the people.

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YOU CAN'T SAY NO TO GOOD OLD JOE
HERBLOCK
NEW YORK POST SYNDICATE

REUTHER'S HOUSING PLAN

The always forceful Walter Reuther has come forward with a new program for housing as "visionary" and "impractical" as the plan for converting America's automobile industry to the manufacture of planes which won him so much attention in the defense days before World War II. The United Auto Workers' president, speaking as chairman of the CIO's National Housing Committee, claims that "the production, engineering and scientific 'know

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how' [which] split the atom" can build houses "cheaper and better" than any now being built or planned, if the government will make full use of the idle capacity of our aircraft industry.

Reuther proposes:

¶ An inventory of housing needs and of idle government-owned or other plants suitable for the manufacture of prefabricated houses. (An area of 21 million square feet is now unused in present aircraft plants and more than enough machine tools to produce 20 million homes in the next ten years are already in government stockpiles, Reuther says.)

¶ Establishment of a National Housing Authority to take over the plants and tools available and suitable for mass-producing houses, to develop new building materials, work on standardizing local building codes, assure adequate long-term loans at low rates from either private or government funds.

America must have air power [Reuther says]. But neither our national well-being nor the requirements of our foreign policy will be served by rushing to produce scores of thousands of military planes which in a year or two will be obsolescent candidates for the scrap heap. . . . A government-coördinated housing program utilizing the excess capacity of the air frame and aircraft engine plants will achieve two important ends: it will permit balanced Air Force procurement from an aircraft industry fully manned and fully prepared for instant conversion; and it will develop the national momentum without which the most crucial mass need of peace—the need for homes—will never be met by private builders.

Aircraft manufacturers are responding to the Reuther plan for building homes even as the automobile manufacturers in 1941 responded to the Reuther program for building planes: nonsense, they say. The Douglas and Consolidated-Vultee Companies say they tried producing houses in their plane plants after the war, and it wouldn't work. And anyway, they say, Reuther is all wrong about housebuilding providing an adequate standby of machines and men for an emergency demand for planes.

Reuther says prove it. In his presentation of the plan to Congress last week, the persuasive Auto Workers' president made a considerable impression on the more open-minded of the members who heard his case. Even some leaders in the old-line AFL building trades are showing interest in the Reuther plan because of the possibility it offers, through the vast increase in demand for housing, of long-range security for construction labor. Neither Reuther nor the CIO is offering this program off-hand. Congress will hear plenty about it before the session is out.

RANKIN GETS EVEN

Presenting himself as the veterans' best friend, Representative John E. Rankin (D, Miss.) has again bucked the Administration by railroading his multi-billion-dollar veterans' pension plan out of committee and to the floor of the House. Members of the Veterans' Affairs Committee, of which Rankin is chairman, charged him with using "dictatorial" tactics when the bill was reported after a total hearing time of seven minutes and without having been seen by members of the committee prior to the meeting.

The Rankin bill, providing pensions of $90 to $120 a month for veterans of both world wars at the age of 65, would cost about $126 million the first year. But for the longer run, the cost would be really astronomical: current estimates indicate that by 1985, more than eight million World War II veterans will be age 60 or over. The Administration has warned that such a financial obligation upon the government would endanger the whole compensation and pension program.

President Truman in his recent budget message reminded Congress that veterans' legislation should be considered in the light of existing social-welfare programs available to all, veterans and non-veterans alike. "At the present," he said, "we seek to broaden and extend these social-security programs to enact a comprehensive national health and disability insurance program for all people, including veterans, who with their immediate families will soon constitute 40 percent of the population."

Rankin realizes, of course, that it is politically difficult for a member of Congress to oppose any legislation which includes the word "veteran." There are some 279 members of Congress who are veterans of past wars. (Rankin himself is eligible. He is 67 and a veteran of World War I.)

Seven members of the Veterans' Committee staged a "walkout" when Rankin produced his new version of the pension bill and demanded that the committee approve it immediately. Rankin shouted that they were "walking out on the veterans." But, on the floor of the House, Peter Rodino (D, N. J.), one of the bolters, told his colleagues, "The veteran fought to preserve our democratic way. . . . I am strenuously opposed to what I regard as the undemocratic method Mr. Rankin has used in the conduct of today's meeting."

Rankin's bill will embarrass the Democratic leadership, which ousted him from membership on the House Un-American Activities Committee. He is delighted with the chance to take vengeance for the streamlining law which broke the dictatorial power of the Rules Committee over his violent protest: Rankin will now demand the floor at the first opportunity to bring the bill up under the new rules which allow him to do so on recognition by the Speaker. And he is happy to oppose the Veterans' Administration, which, a week after Congress convened, deleted from its construction program a large veterans' hospital to be built in Rankin's home town—Tupelo, Mississippi.

THE WALLACE BUDGET

Henry Wallace held a press conference in Washington last week on behalf of the Progressive Party. To a room crowded with newspapermen, he presented an elaborate "Budget for Abundance," differing from President Truman's, as he said, because "it denies that peace for the world or prosperity for America can be won by pre-

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paring for war." He thinks if we plan now for abundance, we can prevent depression. He wants us to seek world prosperity and security through the United Nations, not through more arms and unilateral economic aid. His tax proposals would increase the burden on those most able to pay.

Some Wallace proposals compared to Truman's, in millions of dollars:

	Truman	*Wallace*
Arms Budget	$14,000	$ 7,000
Social Security	6,000	16,000
Education	414	1,500
Increased money for houses	225	600
Prosecuting monopolies	7	25
FEPC enforcement	.5	20
Veterans	5,500	6,500

The Wallace budget would be $54 billion, and he says Truman's is actually $49 billion. Wallace would treble estate and gift taxes and double corporation taxes, while cutting excise and payroll taxes by a total of $5 billion, and exempting from income tax families of four with incomes below $4,000.

He would turn over all expenditures under the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine to a UN World Development and Reconstruction Fund.

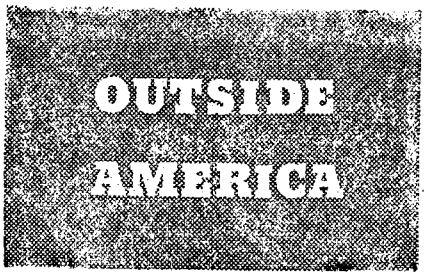
He would greatly increase unemployment and old-age benefits, and would speed up the plans for hospital construction so as to do in 10 years what Truman would do in 40. He would build two million houses a year instead of 150,000.

He sketched out bold plans for river-valley development and allied operations, to cost $2 billion a year. His plans for veterans include a bonus averaging $2,000 per man, to be paid over a number of years.

Among his items are $900 million to be spent at once to increase teachers' salaries, and $1 billion for the same purpose for all government workers.

While he allows $7 billion for an arms budget, he admits that from his point of view this is excessive. He thinks there is enormous waste and duplication in the military plans. And anyhow, we should be thinking about peace, not war.

The newspapermen present displayed sharp hostility to his ideas. And to him.



In Tokyo there was a great treat for those Japanese who still bow in respectful awe before the living embodiments of prestige and power. Not one, but two great Americans were in their city: Douglas MacArthur, who doesn't let the Japanese forget that he's supreme commander, was acting the deferent host to a super-supreme American, Kenneth Royall, master of the unmastered US army and member of the official family of the human ultimate in prestige and power—the American President. Naturally, the comings and goings, the doings and sayings of these two greats were big news on the Asiatic mainland, the ancient continent of "face," where an Asiatic named Mao Tse-tung was challenging Occidental prestige.

Then one day, the British Reuters News Agency sent out from Tokyo to papers all over Asia a dispatch saying that "a high United States military authority" had held a special press conference. General MacArthur's public-information officers were excluded. Only a few selected US news correspondents were invited. The dispatch included parts of the transcript of the conference. The "high authority" was quoted directly as having said:

I don't think we have any moral obligation or any other kind of obligation to feed them [the Japanese] or to protect them. I tend to the opinion that it [Japan] is valueless in the case of war with Russia. I don't know what our troops here could do in the event of the outbreak of war. It might be better to pull them out before war starts. . . . I am not certain we could hold Japan, nor am I certain it would be worthwhile. . . . The fact that some countries might think we have moral obligations in Japan to protect the Japanese is all the more reason why we should pull out before anything happens. . . . Even with a Russian Japan we might be able to hang on to the Aleutian Islands and Okinawa. If we pull out from Japan, we can still shove dollars in here to keep the Japanese anti-Communist, and on our side.

The "high authority" said any announcement of US troop withdrawal would be premature, but that he expected to say something about the situation in a month or two.

Naturally, these remarks leaked out and caused a sensation. The Japanese Kyodo News Agency quoted an unnamed official in MacArthur's headquarters as saying that US occupation policy hadn't changed. Kyodo editors, according to the United Press, told their clients that the official denied US correspondents' reports of the special press conference. The official, UP added, "virtually accused the American correspondents of betraying their country and did accuse them of playing into the hands of the Communists."

Who was the "high authority" who dared disagree with the supreme commander, who made statements which, when reported by correspondents, brought forth hints of the ultimate sin of treason? Few Japanese had much difficulty in answering the question. But for the benefit of its clients in Asia, Reuters reported from Melbourne that "some reports" identified him as Royall.

And what a great treat the incident now became for those Asiatics—in China even more than in Japan—who want the undoing of US power and prestige! What a wonderful way this was to win friends and influence people in the continent of face!

★

In Frankfurt enthusiastic Germans besieged a newly opened recruiting office of the world-citizenship movement launched last year in Paris by a man who wouldn't have been allowed to be a citizen of the 1,000-years-great-German-Reich—Garry Davis, the US bandleader's son. During the first two hours more than 100 converts signed up; all that was lacking to bring the fervor to Nüremberg Rally pitch was a

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band. The response in other towns of the US occupation zone was similar. And more than 20,000 Germans in the British zone had already opted for the eternal-great-world state.

But it was at the registrar's office in Hanover that there was a ceremony that brought the enthusiasm to a climax. A *kolossal* event took place: for the first time in history a child—Dirk Ingo Malsch—was recorded at birth as a citizen of the world state.

Perhaps it's fitting that the first citizen at birth of the world state should come from the state which which made so many human beings (at birth and later) stateless.

★

Germany's Friedrich Nietzsche might have been tried as a war criminal if he hadn't died insane before the two world wars his philosophical ideas fathered. It was Nietzsche's notion of a superman beyond all good and evil that spawned Hitler with his idea that some men should be exterminated like vermin; and it was Hitler who, in turn, concocted the terrible reality of a modern superstate that acted on the assumption that it could do no wrong.

Hitler might have written: "The sovereign part of the state is omnipotent and, since it is the source of all law, its acts can never be illegal or, in the strict sense, unconstitutional."

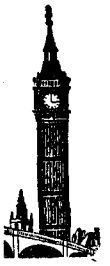
But Hitler didn't. Another man of German stock did—and to justify the same Germanic mad fantasy of supermen and submen. He is Herr Professor Doktor Daniel F. Malan, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. He wrote the sentence to let a Parliament he controls violate the South Africa Act, the Constitution of the Union. He added: "The Parliament of the Union has sovereign legislative powers and may have regard to limitations imposed upon its legislative competence . . . for *as long only as it pleases.*" (Italics ours.)

What now pleases Doktor Malan is that colored men and women in the Union be removed from the voters' lists and no longer have legal representation. What may please him later no one can yet tell, but neither Nietzsche nor Hitler came to a pleasing end.

★

British newspaper owners had been complaining since soon after the end of the shooting war about the short rations of newsprint doled out to them by the government. Their protests became shrill when the cold war began in earnest last year. This, they said, was a war of ideas. Surely, a medium of ideas wasn't the proper place for self-denying austerity. Only a press equipped with plenty of paper could defend the country against foreign propaganda and domestic apathy. Again and again the press lords warned Sir Stafford Cripps that unless he increased the newsprint rations, they wouldn't be able to do their duty of maintaining a healthily informed public opinion. Give them the newsprint, they pleaded, and they'd give more readers more important news, and more serious comment on events of world significance.

At the start of this year, Sir Stafford yielded to their entreaties; he gave them enough additional newsprint to increase the size of the papers, and to remove top limits on the press runs. The newspaper which profited most was the Sunday *News of the World*; it was able to give to eight million buyers (about twenty million readers, almost half the total population) its usual fare—extreme sensationalism, human-interest features, hobbies, scandals, crimes, practically no important news, and still less serious comment. The greatest gainer in the daily field was the almost equally sensational tabloid *Daily Mirror*, which in less than three weeks jumped from 3.7 million to 4.3 million readers. The *Daily Express*, which out-Hearsts Hearst on behalf of Lord Beaverbrook, was close behind, with more than four million.



The middle-of-the-road newspapers did little more than hold their own—the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Herald*, with about two million each; the *News Chronicle*, with 1.5 million; the *Daily Telegraph*, with about one million. The *Times* (about 360,000) and Manchester *Guardian*, which *do* discuss important ideas, made only small gains.

Of course, this doesn't disprove the argument that the press is a medium of ideas; it merely suggests that after nearly a decade of austerity, the British are more interested in the warming ideas of what the French call the alcove than in the chilling ones of what everyone calls war.

★

In San Pedro del Alto, as in many other little Mexican villages, the people weren't given a chance to find out that the young "gringos"—the emissaries of the Mexican-American Commission—were their friends. It was obvious of course that sickness was spreading among the livestock. But the big words the gringos used about the plague—foot-and-mouth disease—worried the villagers; and the idea of something called vaccination of cattle filled them with horror and hatred.

For this there was a reason beyond the ignorance and superstition that had long been endemic among the miserably poor peons: the "chiefs" and "soldiers" of Fuerza Popular, the organization of the Sinarquistas, had been at work for a dozen years in these villages, spreading the poison of a militantly fanatical anti-foreign and anti-progressive propaganda. In the name of the Roman Catholic Church (whose Mexican hierarchy disclaims any control over them), the Sinarquistas had been telling the peons that the gringos who came to save their cattle were agents of the devil.

The Mexican government decided recently to outlaw the Sinarquistas, calling their party undemocratic, seditious and a threat to public order. A government announcement called attention to the close ties of the Sinarquistas with the ideas of Mussolini, Hitler and, more recently, Franco's Spanish Falange; it accused them of working in collusion with Catholic political reactionaries.

For Robert L. Proctor, of Tucson, Arizona, the government's order came too late. The Sinarquistas had done

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their work well before he entered San Pedro del Alto to vaccinate the sick livestock. On the outskirts of the village, young Proctor—he was 23 years old—was met by a mob of 600 men and women. Four women held him and pounded him with rocks. Then many men stabbed him many times, even after he was dead.

But the Sinarquistas said their organization was not dead. In angry comment on the government's decree of dissolution, Luis Martinez Narzo, "national chief" of Fuerza Popular, said, "We have fought 12 years for our ideals and will continue to do so."

★

From Rome the last of the Caesars, Nero, who had burned the city and bled the empire, sent Vespasian to subdue the Jews; and with the general went his son, Titus. When Vespasian became emperor, Titus remained to besiege Jerusalem. It fell on the tenth of the month of *Ab* in 70 A.D. amid "circumstances of unparalleled horror." The Temple and the Jewish state were destroyed.

On Titus' return to Rome, he was honored by a grandiose "triumph." The Arch built to commemorate his destruction of the Jewish state bore a seven-branched candelabra. Henceforth, and to the end of time, the candelabra was to announce that the Jews would have prayer and tears but no homeland. The Arch of Titus with its mocking device still stands, almost intact, at the far end of the Roman Forum.

But 1,879 years after the "final" destruction of the Jewish state, the Forum is in ruins, the empire of the Caesars is dust; and the candelabra—exactly as designed for Titus—has become part of the national coat-of-arms of a Jewish state. There are olive branches on either side, and underneath, in Hebrew, a word Titus thought he had effaced forevermore—Israel.

P. W.

BRITAIN'S HEALTH SERVICE

The enemies of planned medicine have been confounded in England, where the new system is working smoothly

by Stephen Taylor

THOSE WHO HAD BEEN campaigning for a National Health Service in Britain confidently expected that it would begin with a period of administrative chaos. They had not hoped for anything like full coöperation from the British medical profession and they anticipated a swamping of whatever facilities might be available.

In fact, nothing of the kind has occurred. Journalists in search of failure stories to damn the Labor Government have returned empty-handed, except to write that opticians are dispensing unparalleled numbers of spectacles to those who for years have been unable to read the newspapers.

There were two reasons for the smooth transition from private to socialized medicine: the extensive preliminary planning; and the full cooperation received from private medicine. Planning began long before the Health Bill was finally enacted. During the war, the medical profession itself did much exploration into possible forms for a National Health Service. The British Medical Association, through its Medical Planning Commission, produced a series of proposals many of which are now incorporated into law. The younger doctors organized their own inquiry under the title, "Medical Planning Research." The Ministry of Health produced a plan of its own, as well as a valuable group of surveys of British hospital resources. Therefore, when Aneurin Bevan entered the Ministry of Health he found a complete set of blueprints outlining every possible alternative. He found, too, that public opinion was well aware of the pros and cons of each proposal.

His own planning was carried through with a magnificent disregard for Labor Party preconceptions. In place of a municipal hospital service, he set up a regional service based on natural hospital areas and financed entirely by the Treasury. Private hospitals were allowed to admit paying patients. He turned down the idea of a salaried-general-practitioner service, but he stood by the 100-percent coverage of the population, the abolition of sale and purchase of medical practices, and the closing of "overdoctored" areas to new entrants. Above all, he insisted on making the service non-contributory, so that every resident of Britain has the right to use it.

Thus, many of the views of the medical profession were incorporated in the bill as presented to Parliament. Other of their proposals—for example, the continuance of the sale and purchase of practices—found no support from any of the political parties. Consequently, when Bevan proved reasonable about minor concessions, the profession finally swung from opposition to support. The knowledge that only those who had entered the plan by July 5, the date it went into effect, would receive their share of the $265 million compensation to cover the loss in capital value of their practices made it certain that doctors would rush to join. More than 19,000 general practitioners opened their waiting rooms to all who cared to come.

The Regional Hospital Boards were in operation nearly a year before the appointed day. Their members had inspected the hospitals they were soon to run; the hospitals themselves had been grouped so that small units were linked with larger ones for specialist services and management purposes; and the individual hospital manage-

Stephen Taylor, who sends us this article from London, is both a practising physician and a Labor Party member of Parliament.

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ment committees had held their first meetings well in advance.

Local Executive Councils, responsible for the general-practitioner side, had been in operation for a similar time; and, strangely enough, British Medical Association members of these councils were coöperating fully at a time when the BMA itself was denouncing the whole scheme.

Although the service has now been in operation for only a short time, the administrative machinery has taken the strain well. Complaints from doctors—and patients—have been minor.

The number of patients going to a doctor's office has definitely increased, especially mothers and children with minor ailments. Such patients formerly made use of the voluntary-hospital clinics when they could not afford doctors' fees. Almost all have genuine reasons for consulting the doctor, although a few are going to him to get their favorite laxative or aspirin without charge.

Home visiting has increased much less than was expected. Especially in the working-class areas, patients are being extraordinarily good about it. They apologize when they have to call the doctor to their homes, and it is far more usual for people to come to the doctor's office when they should be in bed than vice versa.

Druggists report an increase of between 30 and 60 percent in the number of prescriptions they are filling. This is due partly to the abandonment under the scheme of dispensing by city doctors. But there has been some real increase which will bear watching. Any attempt to make the British abandon overnight their love of a bottle of medicine would certainly end in failure. Health education still has a big job to do in this field.

More than 92 percent of the public registered early with doctors, and as the winter brings its usual crop of coughs, colds and influenza, we are seeing further encroachments on the four million people who still remain outside the scheme. The health program started at the same time as the National Insurance Plan, which provides cash benefits to cover sickness, unemployment and old age. In consequence many people regard the National Health Service, which is free, as the most obvious tangible return for their $1 a week contribution to the Insurance Plan. The spectacles or false teeth they receive without charge are regarded as having been paid for by the weekly payment, and are considered good value.

The backlog of people needing spectacles is enormous. Surveys have shown that, among people over 65, 90 percent are wearing spectacles. Of these, one-sixth have never had their eyes tested, having borrowed or inherited the eyeglasses, or bought them off a shop counter. A further third has had no eye test for five years or more. As a result the opticians have been working overtime. Ten varieties of frame are free, and nine others may be had for a small extra charge—up to about $1.40.

The dental position is more difficult. For many years, Britain has been short of dentists, and even if they all entered the new service, demand would far exceed supply. Dentists are paid for according to the work done on the patient. A quarrel about details of remuneration has led the British Dental Association to refuse to cooperate. Nevertheless some 7,000 out of 10,000 eligible dentists have joined the service and the number is growing.

Indeed, the scales of pay are so good that many dentists are giving up salaried work in the school dental service to join the new plan. Consequently, something of a crisis over school dentistry has arisen, and new salary scales are under consideration. Britain's dental health is bad. More than 90 percent of recruits during the war needed dental attention; something like 12 percent should have upper and lower dentures.

The hospital service is functioning smoothly enough, but outstanding problems include the need for nurses, more beds for patients with tuberculosis and chronic illnesses, and new buildings. Because of the necessity to divert labor and material to houses and factories, work for the moment

LENORE HIRSCH

is largely confined to renovations and small extensions. Thanks to plenty of paint in a wide variety of colors, many former public-assistance institutions are already putting on a bright new look.

Specialists have been granted interim contracts until next month. In the meantime, salary scales have been negotiated on the generous basis provided by the report of an independent tribunal set up by the government—the Spens Committee. It looks as though the specialist who decides on full-time service can hope for $10,000 to $12,000 a year, at the age of 45, with higher figures for the exceptionally able.

Nine years ago, the writer of this article contributed a plan for British hospitals to the *Lancet*. Had he then been told that his plan would be in full operation nine years later, he would have been frankly incredulous. Now he finds himself a member of the Parliament responsible for this great reform. The job which remains to be done of translating blueprints into actuality is a job for a lifetime. However, for the future, the only barriers to progress are manpower and materials. No financial or administrative obstacles stand in the way of Britain's ambition to produce a health service that will guarantee every citizen the best that medicine can offer.

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A DREAMER WHO MADE A NATION

VIET NAM'S HO DEFIES FRENCH POWER

OF THE MEN who cast long shadows, few are more intriguing than Ho Chi Minh, president of the Viet Nam Republic of Indo-China. He is a fragile old man with the eyes of a dreamer and the slim, domed head of an esthete. It is hard to understand how such a man—a philosopher, not a fighter—could organize a successful revolution.

The explanation is that Ho Chi Minh has given his people a clear understanding of what they are fighting for and the kind of nation they want to live in, in terms so simple that the most illiterate peasant can understand. But about the man himself there is a mystery that "the venerable Ho" never bothers to dispel. Ho Chi Minh is not his name. He has no name, no family, no children, no possessions. According to both his friends and enemies, Ho is Nguyen-ai-Quoc, meaning Nguyen the patriot, the great revolutionist who is the father of the Viet Nam people. Ho has never acknowledged or denied this.

If he is Nguyen, Ho comes from the central Viet Nam where the revolutionary tradition is strongest. His father, a minor official at the court of the Emperor of Annam, and his brother and sister were active in the revolutionary movement. At the age of 12 Ho was a courier for one of the underground organizations. At 19, when the rest of his family were arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment, he ran away and shipped out as a deck hand on a freighter.

In Paris he worked as a photo retoucher, and carried on a one-man struggle for the independence of his country. During the Versailles Peace Conference he drew up a list of Viet Nam demands and sent it to the treaty makers. He founded, edited and sold on the Paris streets a newspaper entitled *Le Paria* (The Pariah), in which he attacked French colonialism. He joined the Socialist Party, and when it split, became one of the founders of the French Communist Party. In 1923 he went to Germany, then to Russia as a French peasant delegate to the International Peasants' Congress.

A year later he was in Canton working for the Kuomintang as a Russian translator. He also was training hundreds of young Vietnamese organizers of the nationalist movement. In 1927, when the Communist-Kuomintang alliance dissolved into civil war, he was imprisoned by the Chinese. Two years later he made his way back across the mountains to the Viet Nam, where he flitted from Bangkok to Hong Kong to Shanghai, always with a price on his head. In Bangkok he stayed two years and added Siamese to his languages: he speaks French, Czech, Chinese, Russian, German, Japanese and a little Portuguese.

When he escaped from the Viet Nam after organizing the insurrection of 1930, he fled to Hong Kong, where he was arrested by the British. They held him in jail for six months, but fearing his death might be laid at their door (he was seriously ill of tuberculosis), they finally released him. The French made a face-saving announcement that he was dead, and his friends did not deny the rumor, hoping to give him an opportunity to recover—in prison his lungs had been almost destroyed, he had lost most of his teeth and his hair had turned white.

During the Japanese occupation, Ho's trained guerrilla forces, armed with rifles from abandoned French stores and also with US supplies, cooperated with US parachute groups in harassing the Japanese. In the north they operated so successfully that they cleared large sections of the five northernmost provinces of Tonkin and engaged the bulk of the Japanese 21st Division, and in the south they raided Japanese communications. On Insurrection Day, August 19, 1945, the Viet Nam guerrillas marched simultaneously on Hanoi and Saigon, making a clean sweep of the Japanese armies, their puppet government and the remnants of the French colonial administration.

On September 2, Ho Chi Minh proclaimed the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam and announced general elections with universal suffrage for everybody over 18. The elections took place on January 6 even in Cochin-China, where a French expeditionary force landed with orders to sabotage the elections. Here French aircraft dropped bombs over the most densely populated areas and machine-gunned the villages. In some districts the voting urns were carrried secretly from village to village to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. During a search of My-Hoa, the French killed 13 persons, yet 1,927 of the 2,500 villagers dared to cast their votes. In the district of Hanoi, Ho received 97 percent of the votes.

On March 2, near Hanoi, the elected members of the Assembly held their first meeting. Half an hour after the organization of the Assembly, the new government was elected, consisting of a Consultative High Council led by Vinh Thuy (the ex-Emperor Bao Dai, who had gained wide popularity by his abdication), a Committee for Resistance, a Permanent Committee, and one for drafting the Constitution. While this was going on, the French were pouring over the Chinese border, stepping up their offensive in Cochin-China and preparing to invade Tonkin.

Seven months later, the Vietnamese National Assembly proclaimed the Constitution, which guarantees freedom of speech, opinion, association, conscience, worship; also freedom of residence and of movement; respect for private property; and free, direct and secret universal suffrage. The new government undertook a vast program to fight illiteracy, famine, prostitution, unemployment and the use of opium and alcohol. The French derive large revenues from opium and liquor and encourage prostitution in the areas which their armies hold.

Ketut Tantri is an American of British birth who has lived for a number of years in Southeast Asia.

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---AND A RELUCTANT KING by Kefut Tantri

By March, 1946, Ho had fought the French to a standstill and forced them to recognize the Viet Nam Republic. In September he went to Paris to sign a *modus vivendi*. But a month later the French violated the agreement and renewed their attacks on the Viet Nam. With their superior armament they are able to hold the cities and the highways, but Ho Chi Minh's government controls 85 percent of his country's territory.

BAO PREFERS HIS PLEASURE TO POWER

BAO DAI, the ex-emperor of Annam, is an anomaly among royalty in exile. He likes exile so well that he uses all his wits—and they are not inconsiderable—to prevent his return. The young man's difficulties are financial. Since the revolution swept away his princely revenues, Bao Dai has been supported lavishly by French gold. Being a realist, he knows that his only value to the French is as a puppet monarch around whom they still hope to rally a nationalist party strong enough to give such a government a semblance of democratic spontaneity. So, although he would infinitely prefer to be supported in Paris or Cannes or even in Hong Kong than on a tottering throne in Annam, he is again negotiating with the French High Commissioner for Indo-China about the return of his kingdom.

This time, Bao Dai's demands are purportedly independence, independent diplomatic relations and control of finances. No doubt he hopes these terms are too stiff and that he can drag out the negotiations for some time, relying on the skill that he has attained in this field since he abdicated his throne in 1945.

There is a slightly tarnished but still gilded air of pathos about Bao Dai. Despite his perfect French accent, his Bond Street suits and his fine tennis game, he is a casualty of the war between the ageless philosophy of Oriental absolutism and modern Occidental democracy, plus the nationalist revolution that is sweeping over Asia. From his sixth year until he ascended the throne in 1932, he lived in Paris in a luxurious house on the Avenue de Lamballe, studying, playing tennis, driving fast cars, enjoying life after the manner of young Europeans of wealth and social eminence. When the regent of Annam, aged Tou Than Han, called him home to take over the job of ruling under the French who had put his ancestors on the throne some 80 years earlier, he was so Europeanized that he found it difficult to speak his own language.

Bao Dai returned to Hué, the beautiful, enchanted old city on the banks of the River of Perfumes. For the 21-year-old emperor, it was not only a city of exile but a city of the dead, for though the streets were crowded with the flower-decked children of the favorites, he could not take a step in any direction without coming upon a tomb.

He became the *fils du ciel*, intercessor between his subjects and heaven, monarch not only of the living but the dead. On audience days, the mandarins of the empire prostrated themselves before him in the great audience hall with its golden doors and forest of carved stone pillars. In the purple city no one was permitted to look upon his face or pronounce his name.

HO CHI-MINH

Apparently Bao Dai didn't relish being an idol set apart from human kind. When the revolution swept Annam in 1945, he did not hesitate to join the revolutionists. In a speech remarkable for its simple dignity he said, "I would prefer to be a common citizen in an independent state than to be king of an oppressed and subjugated people. . . . I have decided of my own free will to abdicate and turn over the rule of my country to a democratic government. It is my wish that all groups of my countrymen as well as the royal family unite in support of the new government."

Now Bao Dai was plain Vinh Thuy, citizen of the republic, and as such he enjoyed greater popularity than he had known as emperor. His former subjects made him supreme councillor and gave him the opportunity to help build the new republic.

But the situation called for sterner stuff than Bao Dai was made of. After a year of being an ordinary republican, he went to Hong Kong and began making up for his 14-year exile from the fleshpots. Under the influence of exiled anti-republicans, he announced his willingness to coöperate with the French in setting up a puppet government in Annam. Everything seemed to be going smoothly with the negotiations when Bao Dai suddenly departed for Cannes to have his eyes treated.

When Bao Dai refused to return, the French High Commissioner signed a treaty with one of the ex-emperor's generals. But the commissioner had small luck with his new puppet; nobody took him seriously. Now the French, fearing that Ho Chi Minh has made contact with Chinese Communists and that there will be an infiltration of Chinese into the Viet Nam, are turning again to their forlorn hope of Bao Dai and increasing the pressure for his return.

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ROCK-RIBBED FARMERS

At Atlantic City, the Farm Bureau Federation proved hard of hearing about the platform which elected Truman

by Benton J. Stong

THE American Farm Bureau Federation easily can match the record of the NAM for rock-ribbed conservatism. A month after the Truman election victory, the Farm Bureau at its Atlantic City convention came out strongly against price controls, public housing, public ownership of utilities, any kind of public health program that does not meet the approval of the AMA, and announced that the tidelands-oil reserves should be handed over to state ownership. The Farm Bureau claims 1.2 million dues-paying members, which makes it the largest farm organization in the United States.

If you attended a run-of-the-mill local meeting of a Farm Bureau for the first time, you would be struck by the mixture of public affairs and simple sociability which seem to comprise most of its activities. After the Department of Agriculture's field agent reported on pending state and national farm legislation, you might hear reports on the Bureau's efforts to improve rural school or local library facilities, plans for 4-H Club young people's work, etc.

Depending upon the locality and season, Farm Bureaus hold suppers, and their summer picnics are often among the county's leading social events. In some areas the Farm Bureaus also have formed coöperatives for purchasing or distributing such commodities as oil. Such grass-roots activities you might expect to add up to a national organization advocating healthy, progressive policies for the benefit of the nation's farmers, large or small.

However, the Atlantic City resolutions quickly dispel such illusions. Coming shortly after the Democratic victory, when the vote in farm areas had a great deal to do with the election of a candidate running on a platform the exact opposite of the American Farm Bureau resolutions, you would be entitled to wonder how the Bureau became so large and influential.

One of the remarkable aspects of the Farm Bureau is that it was built and maintained in very considerable part by people on the public payroll. That is because workers on the federally supported Agricultural Extension Service run Farm Bureaus in many states. Despite a specific and long-standing directive from the Secretary of Agriculture against such practices, they find time to run Farm Bureau membership campaigns, collect dues, keep records and conduct daily business.

The other large farm organizations —the National Grange with 800,000 members and the Farmers' Union with 500,000—point out that the Farm Bureau's preferential arrangement with the Department of Agriculture can be compared to the Department of Labor's going out to organize workers for the CIO against the AFL, or vice versa.

The historical beginnings of the Farm Bureau-Department of Agriculture tieup go back to the years prior to World War I. Agricultural income was extremely low. Colleges and experiment stations had learned a lot about testing seeds and new methods of fertilizing, scientific breeding, controlling insect pests and other agricultural practices. But such information wasn't reaching the farmers.

In New York State, agricultural "information" offices were opened in two counties in 1911 and 1913 by Farm Bureau associations. Farmers, a group notoriously difficult to organize, heard about the helpful services available to them, and the Farm Bureau idea began to catch on.

In 1914 Congress passed the Smith-Lever Act, authorizing federal funds for agricultural extension work done through the land-grant colleges and universities. Rapidly, several states passed laws which authorized county agents in counties where 200 or 300 people would associate themselves together in a "farm bureau" or "farm-aid association" to sponsor the extension educational work. Julius Rosenwald, mail-order-house executive, offered $1,000 to the first 100 county farm bureaus organized.

Development came rapidly. Chambers of Commerce and commercial clubs helped build the Bureaus, recruiting as many members on Main

The Farm Bureau's Stand

"The American Farm Bureau Federation is strongly opposed to price controls and rationing under present conditions. . . .

"The American Farm Bureau Federation favors legislation which will quit claim to all coastal states' areas seaward to the three-mile limit. . . .

"We recognize that existing utilities, generally, can most economically supply generating and high-voltage transmission lines.

"We stand ready to cooperate with the rural health committee of the American Medical Association and other groups in providing better voluntary medical care for rural people. . . .

"We do not believe it necessary for the federal government to embark upon a prodigious expansion of credit for the purpose of promoting housing construction. . . ."

(Excerpts from resolutions passed December 16, 1948, at the Atlantic City convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation.)

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Street as on the farms. County agents quickly recognized that their jobs depended on keeping the legally required number of members in the sponsoring association or farm bureau.

In 1919 after many of the associations had been set up, county farm bureaus federated into state organizations, and the state organizations set up the American Farm Bureau Federation. It was recognized then that the development of the associations from local organizations devoted entirely to sponsoring an educational program into the broader political and lobbying fields, had changed their whole nature and made their quasi-public status untenable.

In 1922 a "treaty" was negotiated between the US Department of Agriculture and the American Farm Bureau Federation providing that certain proper relationships should be maintained between the public Extension Service and the private organization. The Secretary of Agriculture subsequently issued a statement to Extension Service employees, warning that "as they are public teachers," it would be improper for them to conduct membership campaigns, edit publications, sell, solicit or do any other of the work of the private farm organization.

If anyone paid any attention to the Secretary's memorandum, nobody ever heard of him. The county agents continued to enroll the members in most states. The Farm Bureau continued to grow, mostly at taxpayers' expense.

The Agricultural Extension Service's affiliation with the private farm organizations has tended to limit its services to its farmer-members. During the depression, the Extension Service ignored the plight of hundreds of thousands of poor farmers. Relief agencies and the Farm Security Administration tried to cope with the situation. The Extension Service was preoccupied with helping the more "efficient" farmers.

The number of family farms in the nation is declining. Big farms are growing bigger. The Agricultural Committee of the US Chamber of Commerce has held that one-half to two-thirds of all the people in agriculture should no longer be treated as a part of the farm problem, but as welfare cases.

The separation of the Farm Bureau and the Extension Service, as well as the recasting of the Extension's educational program to give equal service to poorer farmers, is consequently much more than a jurisdictional dispute between farm organizations. It is part of the struggle between family-type farming and large, commercialized operation.

The building of the Farm Bureaus generally started with a misuse of the franking privilege to call Farm Bureau organization meetings. The Bureau's secret of success and growth in the forties was disclosed by the Farmers' Union in Arkansas, which amassed documentary evidence to show that the Bureau's organizational work was of two kinds. First, there were letters signed by county agents and mailed free, calling farmers together to build the Farm Bureau chapters. Second, there was a systematic solicitation of businessmen.

A newspaper story from the Helena (Arkansas) *World* revealed that chain stores in the town had taken 24 Farm Bureau memberships in one year's drive. An appeal made to the businessmen told them that the Farm Bureau functioned in their interest. A letter sent by an organizing committee to Little Rock businessmen said:

> Recently we wrote you about what the Farm Bureau Federation is doing for YOUR benefit. . . . The fight which the Farm Bureau is making against newfangled, socialistic agricultural ideas coming out of Washington and against improper demands of labor organizations is distinctly for your benefit. . . . You and your pocketbook are being helped by the Farm Bureau Federation because it has influence and political power in places where business organizations do not.

The Farm Bureau solicitors were not kidding. What they claimed was true, as subsequent clippings and letters showed. After the membership campaigns were over, the Farm Bureau helped to pass so-called "anti-violence" legislation through the Arkansas State Legislature, to help control the labor unions. Farm Bureau members received a letter and a pamphlet from the Christian American Association "explaining" the necessity of the labor controls. The envelopes were stamped with a rubber stamp: "Your name obtained from Arkansas Farm Bureau." After the legislation was passed, the secretary of the Arkansas Farm Bureau wrote to Pappy O' Daniel's Christian American Association headquarters at Houston, Texas, that the Bureau had been "pleased to coöperate" in getting the measure passed.

Such practices have not been restricted to Arkansas. The Farm Bureaus have coöperated on anti-labor legislation in many of the Southern states, as well as in California, Colorado, Kansas and elsewhere. A mass meeting was once called in Iowa, and Ed O'Neal, then president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, laid all the blame for inflation at labor's door.

"Why, in World War I the working man had a silk shirt and a quart of whisky," Ed told the audience of county agents and members. "In this war, he's got a dozen silk shirts and a case of whisky."

For many years the Federation has coöperated closely with business interests. The Farm Bureau opposed the Norris resolution for federal operation of Muscle Shoals although the resolution proposed low-cost fertilizer for farmers. A congressional investigation later disclosed that some Farm Bureau officials were getting money from fertilizer interests. At about the same time businesses such as the shipping interests and the chain stores were being solicited to use the Farm Bureau machinery to further their causes.

The Farm Bureau coöperates regularly in farmer-industry conferences held on state college campuses by the Agricultural Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers. NAM speakers develop the thesis that agriculture is an industry, that farmers are businessmen and their interests are consequently identical to those of

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the NAM, including the food-processing and distributing industries. Other farm and labor organizations are not invited to the conferences.

In politics, the Bureau also has been useful to its allies. Last October, President Kline advised his members that farmers had found their true friends in the 80th Congress and that it would be wise to put those true friends in full charge of affairs in Washington.

In Minnesota, the Farm Bureau had a big part in Senator Joe Ball's campaign against challenger Hubert Humphrey. Large newspaper ads, signed by prominent state Farm Bureau leaders, endorsed Ball at the very time that the publicly paid county agents in the state were devoting their time to building Farm Bureau membership.

Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma introduced a bill in Congress in 1945 to stop payment of federal funds to states where the county agents and Extensionists do Farm Bureau work. It got nowhere.

A similar measure is scheduled to be introduced in the present Congress, with powerful backing. Since the 1945 measure was introduced, a joint committee of the US Department of Agriculture and the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities has made a two-year study of the Extension Service. Its report concluded that the relationship between the public agency and the private organization is "not sound public policy." It urged the Farm Bureau and the Extension Service to correct abuses. To date, no such action has been taken.

The Farm Bureau Federation, in its annual convention at Atlantic City in December, ignored the committee's report. Instead, it suggested a Labor Extension Service exactly like that for agriculture.

Perhaps the American Farm Bureau Federation couldn't find the time to take steps to clean up its own house. From the record it made at its Atlantic City convention, it seems as if it spent most of its time passing resolutions which prove that it hasn't changed its conservative, tax-supported spots.

THE REMINGTON LOYALTY CASE

The long-delayed vindication of a man wrongfully banished from his work throws new light on Washington's witch hunt

by James A. Wechsler

THE CASE of William Walter Remington is officially closed. Seven months after his suspension from his Commerce Department post on the uncorroborated and undocumented testimony of Elizabeth T. Bentley, he has been cleared by the Federal Loyalty Review Board. He has returned to work; he will receive back pay for the long autumn and winter of exile; he will press his libel suit with stronger likelihood of success. All this suggests a comparatively happy ending to a dismal story. Nevertheless the cryptic decision of the Review Board warrants several meaningful footnotes. Despite the outcome, the affair offers only limited ground for national righteousness. There are many aspects of the proceedings, heretofore unreported or given only fragmentary public notice, that throw light on the loyalty inquiry. In some respects Remington's vindication ironically exposes the program's most glaring injustices.

In the immediate aftermath some of these things became apparent at once. Technically, Remington had been held "not guilty" by the top tribunal in the loyalty structure. Seth W. Richardson, ultra-conservative Republican attorney who heads the board, personally presided over the three-man panel which heard Remington's appeal. Another member was Harry Colmery, past National Commander of the American Legion; the third was George W. Alger, a prominent New York lawyer. None of the three could be accused of any inner compulsion to whitewash an avowed New Dealer who admitted he once bought ice-cream sodas for Miss Bentley during her career as a Communist courier. Their verdict was unanimous.

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Yet within 24 hours there were dreary signs that Remington still lived under a cloud. Several Senators promptly challenged the decision. Anticipating these outcries, Commerce Department officials agreed that Remington should not return to his former domain, where export-licenses for Russia and the satellite countries are handled; henceforth he would deal with imports. Remington accepted the shift without quarrel. He may even have preferred not to occupy a post in which his words and gestures would be scrutinized each moment. Nevertheless the question remained: "How many times must a man be cleared before he is readmitted to the society that ostracized him?" In effect Remington was in the position of a man who has been wrongfully jailed for seven months. Usually a democracy strives to apologize to the victim and to recompense him for spiritual damage suffered.

There are other pointed questions stirred by the long, semi-secret proceeding. Why did the Review Board require more than four months to hand down its decision—and nearly two and a half months after Remington's appeal was heard? Why did the board withhold the verdict more than 48 hours after it was reached? Who persistently deluded Richardson into the belief that Miss Bentley would face cross-examination if the deadline for her appearance was repeatedly extended? What would have happened to Remington if he had not been fortunate enough to obtain the voluntary aid of two tenacious, able attorneys —Joseph Rauh, a young Washington New Dealer, and Bethuel Webster, a distinguished member of the New York bar? Why was Miss Bentley's conversion to the Catholic faith used

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as publicity to camouflage her evasion?

Finally, perhaps most important, what would the verdict have been if Miss Bentley never had publicly recited her charges and if she had been able to claim "future usefulness" as an excuse for non-appearance before the board?

Miss Bentley's testimony is worth recalling. She identified a number of men as members of a wartime Communist ring operating inside the government. Nearly all of them had already retired to private life; many were well-known here as faithful followers of the Communist line and their ensuing refusal to testify on constitutional grounds was an unconvincing form of rebuttal. But she also introduced some surprise characters with a degree of vagueness that seemed directly proportionate to their rank in the Roosevelt Administration. Thus her comments on Lauchlin Currie were a caricature of what the lawyers technically call "hearsay." Her observations about Remington were slightly more definite, tinged with almost romantic overtones, and emphatic if occasionally inconsistent. She had learned from one Jacob Golos, her deceased Communist lover, that Remington was a party member; at his suggestion she therefore approached him when she undertook her clandestine Washington labors. As depicted by Miss Bentley, Remington led a rather idyllic Communist existence. He didn't belong to a cell or group of any kind. He was a "free-lance" revolutionary who simply paid his dues to her. At one point, she said, he even balked at giving her the "secret information" he was supposed to transmit, an act of independence not usually encouraged in the Communist set. He met her on park benches or in drug stores and there she fed him the *Daily Worker*. He was 24 when these subversive rendezvous occurred.

Remington did not deny the encounters. He simply challenged Miss Bentley's version of them. He insisted that she had represented herself as a newspaperwoman, that he had given her unclassified material (an old Washington custom) and that the few sums he gave her were intended as contributions for the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Incidentally, one of the documents he gave her was a memorandum supporting the controlled-materials plan—a plan which the Communist theoreticians, under Browderite influence, were attacking.

Miss Bentley's public rendition was not, of course, the first occasion on which she had mentioned Remington's name. The FBI had been told at least fragments of her story many months before. Remington himself had been summoned before the New York grand jury investigating Communism. In mid-July—a fortnight before she took the stand—his pay was suspended.

His appeal was first presented to a regional review board. The conduct and decision of this tribunal offers a revealing glimpse into the operations of lower-level agencies in the loyalty program. At this stage Remington was so confident of quick vindication that he did not even enlist legal help. This was a wistful miscalculation. For the regional board heard his plea and voted shortly thereafter to sustain the suspension. *It made no effort to bring Miss Bentley into the hearing room for cross-examination.* Much of the session was devoted to close study of real or imagined political heresies which Remington evinced as an undergraduate at Dartmouth, including membership in the American Student Union and activity in behalf of striking Vermont marble workers.

Rauh, a sophisticated anti-Communist liberal who is also executive chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, entered the case then. He spent many hours with Remington reviewing the charges and the record; convinced that Remington was telling the truth, he announced on September 27 that they were appealing to the Federal Loyalty Review Board and simultaneously filing a libel suit based on Miss Bentley's reiteration of her statement on an unprivileged radio program.

From that moment Miss Bentley's willingness or reluctance to testify became the transcending issue; in retrospect it now seems plain that her behavior in the ensuing months was probably the decisive factor in shaping the outcome. In filing his appeal to the top board, Remington pointed out that Miss Bentley was the only witness against him and that she had manifested no passion for anonymity at the congressional hearings. When he first assumed the chairmanship of the Review Board Richardson himself had acknowledged that "non-confrontation" of the accused by his accuser was a grave problem. On December 23, 1947, he had said: "The fact of non-confrontation of witnesses operates to the disadvantage of the employee. . . . So serious is such a situation that it has been strongly urged upon us by responsible persons that rather than permit such a situation to exist, the entire loyalty program should be abandoned. . . ." Unlike the regional board, Richardson and his associates conceded that the argument for Miss Bentley's appearance was compelling. On October 26 Richardson informed Rauh that the board, lacking subpoena power, would try to obtain Miss Bentley's cooperation. Three days later he said she had agreed to be present at the hearing scheduled for November 22 and to submit to cross-examination on that day. She never arrived.

On November 15 Richardson told Rauh that he had received word from Miss Bentley that she could not keep the engagement because she had agreed to deliver a speech in Rochester on Communist spies on the evening of November 21. Rauh suggested a postponement; Richardson said the hearing would proceed as scheduled without Miss Bentley. At that session Richardson placed in the record the handwritten letter from the ex-"spy queen" reneging on her pledge to appear—a letter that assumes notable importance in view of her ensuing statements to a reporter for the New York *Post* that she was never invited to testify and did not even know about the hearing.

Meanwhile Miss Bentley also had been eluding process-servers in Remington's libel suit. On the eve of the

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November 22 hearing, however, the New York *Daily News* located the vanishing lady. It revealed that she had embraced Catholicism and was living in a Catholic retreat. She was the newest of ex-Communist recruits converted by Monsignor Fulton Sheen.

Obviously Miss Bentley's religious allegiance was her own business. Yet the timing and circumstances inevitably created a dilemma for Remington and his attorneys. She had achieved new protective coloration; questions about her failure to testify—or to accept service in the libel suit—now sounded like invasion of her spiritual privacy. In an effort to avoid mutual embarrassment, Remington's counsel appealed directly to high Church dignitaries, imploring them to impress on Miss Bentley the urgency of an appearance before the board. They emphasized that Remington's hope for vindication was being repeatedly thwarted by her stall. This request was denied.

The hearing took place on November 22. A voluminous brief was filed by Rauh and Webster. Remington was interrogated at length. But the session had a grotesque quality: the accuser's chair was vacant.

Despite the evidence of Remington's anti-Communist views and activities over a ten-year period and impressive testimonials to his loyalty embodied in the brief, Richardson and his colleagues refused to hand down a prompt decision. There were well-founded reports that William Rogers, counsel for the Senate investigating committee that staged Miss Bentley's show last summer, was assuring Richardson of her readiness to testify. A new date—December 15—was set for her arrival. Remington agreed to pay her traveling expenses and to waive the use of her testimony in connection with the pending libel action. On December 13 Richardson broke the news to Rauh that she had canceled the date again, pleading another speaking engagement. In the light of this brush-off Remington's attorneys vainly besought the board to act before Christmas Day.

On January 10 a New York *Post* reporter found Miss Bentley and asked whether she intended to testify at any time. It was on that day that she produced the unexpected reply that she had never been invited and that no member of the board had even communicated with her. These remarks tried even Richardson's patience. He told this writer "there is not the slightest truth in her statement" and described his futile exchanges with her.

Nevertheless it was not until exactly one month later—a period that may seem a good deal longer to a condemned man awaiting judgment on his appeal—that Remington received the verdict. The final development was dramatic and unnecessarily painful. On Tuesday, February 8, Richardson told newspapermen that the decision would be made available the next day. He left little doubt that the verdict had been reached. When Rauh got this information from reporters, he telephoned Remington at his home in New Jersey and suggested he come to Washington at once. Remington left the bedside of his father, who had recently suffered a heart attack, and raced to the Capital. It was not until 48 hours later that he was given the cryptic communiqué; in the interim the board members declined to give him any hint of the decision. The board did not tell Remington his fate until it was ready to inform Dorothy Bailey, a suspended employee who was also a leader of the United Public Workers' Union, that she had been found guilty. The delay pleased right-wing Republicans, who preferred that the Remington verdict be held up until it could be "balanced" by the more respectable Bailey decision. One can only surmise with horror the course that would have been pursued if the Republicans had won the election.

At the start of the loyalty program it was widely argued that its success or failure hinged on the personnel to whom it was entrusted and the degree to which procedural safeguards—especially confrontation—were established. I accepted those arguments because it seemed to me then, as it does now, that Communists have no "right" to smuggle themselves into responsible posts inside democratic government. By now millions of employees have been screened; some 99.9 percent have been found loyal. There seems little justification for perpetuating the program in those agencies clearly unrelated to the national security; it is becoming a boondoggle for intelligence agents. With respect to "sensitive" agencies, the retention of some check is still indicated; but the problem of personnel and safeguards is no less acute in those areas. The Remington case dramatically illustrates the conservative biases and the ambiguities of the present method. It took almost superhuman effort to clear Remington despite the tawdry performance of Miss Bentley; when it was all over the chairman of the review agency cautiously refrained from any adverse remarks on her role, and even told a reporter for the Washington *Star* that her absence was not a "material" factor. He made no audible retort to critics of a decision which he had released after so many agonizing delays. The truth is that Richardson, unlike many conservatives, has no fiery allegiance to civil liberties and is receptive to the prejudices most eloquently voiced by the Chicago *Tribune*. His status as chief justice—or lord high executioner—of the loyalty program is another post-election anomaly.

A final journalistic aside is warranted. With few exceptions the news that Remington had been cleared was given generous display by the press in which he was crucified last summer. The most conspicuous exception was the New York *World-Telegram*, which proudly boasted its sponsorship of Miss Bentley when she was the heroine of the Senate hearings. The Remington decision broke too late for most final afternoon editions; the "second day" story, however, got page-one notice in nearly every afternoon paper except the *W-T*, which modestly buried six paragraphs of an AP dispatch on page 6. On this occasion the *W-T* did not even try to obtain an exclusive comment from Miss Bentley.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

DOS PASSOS AND HIS CRITICS

by Malcolm Cowley

THERE HAVE BEEN some angry discussions of Dos Passos' latest novel, *The Grand Design*, which is a weak book in itself but a good one to argue about in a dull season. Although it was unfavorably noticed in most of the serious critical journals, it has lately been appearing on the best-seller lists. The publishers, Houghton Mifflin, have tried to confound the critics by distributing multigraphed sheets of extracts from reviews, in which every hostile comment is canceled off by a eulogy. So the New York *Times* didn't like the book, in either the daily or the Sunday edition? Well just see what fine things the Chicago *Tribune* had to say about it.

After reading all the comments one is left with two impressions. The first is that most of the critical judgments have corresponded with the political sympathies of the critics. I don't say that the judgments were determined by the sympathies, because several of the critics, including myself, tried hard to be fair to the book as a novel; but Dos Passos kept obtruding his opinions as if he thought they were more important than the characters, and finally it was the opinions we had to review. Most but not all of the conservatives liked the book, while even the mild liberals hated it. The second impression is that there must be something wrong with a work of fiction which calls forth such exclusively political reactions. Apparently *The Grand Design* hadn't power enough to persuade any of the critics. How could it make them question their own beliefs when the author insisted on answering the questions before even asking them?

More strongly than ever I feel that there is something wrong with the book after reading John Chamberlain's defense of it in the *New Leader* of January 29. Chamberlain attacks the unfavorable critics, but in so doing he takes away from Dos Passos the distinctions that those critics were eager to grant him. They had said that he was an important novelist whose latest work was far below the level he had set for himself. "Dos Passos doesn't happen to be a great fiction writer,' his defender answers, throwing away the novelist's laurels like a wreath of paper roses.

"He is a great social reporter," Chamberlain continues, "and a poet who has utilized the novel form to give us a satirical panorama of our time. . . . Dos Passos is writing a novel as he has been writing them for the past three decades, no better, no worse. . . . I pity the reviewer who can miss the whole import of an optimistic writing man's career. Dos Passos keeps his faith in the human being, in the individual. Is there anything negative or disillusioned in that?"

Each of the sentences that I have quoted is based on a misconception of Dos Passos' work or of his personality as a novelist. The statement that he is "a great social reporter" also embodies, as we shall see, misconceptions about the Washington scene that is being socially reported in his latest novel. But first let me consider some of the other errors, beginning with those suggested by Chamberlain's notion that Dos Passos "doesn't happen to be a great fiction writer."

Certainly he is not a Tolstoy or even a Zola, to mention two masters of the panoramic form. In America today he ranks below Hemingway and Faulkner for many reasons, but principally because he seldom feels his way deeply into his characters. As a novelist—and in life, too—he is always moving, always hurrying off to catch a taxi, a bus, a train, a plane or a transatlantic steamer; and he tells us as much about people as a sensitive and observing man can learn in a short visit. That leads to his writing a special type of novel, broad and wind-scarred into intricate patterns like the Aral Sea, not deep like Lake Baikal, that gash in the mountains which is said to contain more water than all the Great Lakes together.

There is, however, a converse to this statement. To achieve breadth in a novel is a difficult art in itself and it is one in which no other American writer—not even Frank Norris—has ever approached Dos Passos.

He has always worked on a central problem of our time: how to express the relation between the individual and the group in this age when individuals are being more and more subjected to group pressures. In *Manhattan Transfer* (1925) he solved the problem by presenting a great number of short and apparently unrelated scenes of urban life. Some characters appeared once and vanished. Others returned; and two returned so often that the fragments of the book finally arranged themselves—as in a jigsaw puzzle—around the linked careers of Jimmy Herf and Ellen Thatcher; but the background was always the city itself, with all its piled buildings and tangled lives.

Manhattan Transfer was studied by writers here and abroad. The Russians copied it in several novels about the Five Year Plan. I think that it also contributed to the method used by Jules Romains in his many-volumed *Men of Good Will*, which began to appear in 1932. Romains denies the debt, but it has been acknowledged by Jean-Paul Sartre and many other French writers, each in the case of his own novels.

Dos Passos' inventions did not stop with *Manhattan Transfer*. When he wrote his first trilogy, *U.S.A.* (1930-

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36), he had to discover new methods in keeping with a still broader subject. Chiefly the book contained the imaginary life stories of men and women whom he regarded as typical Americans, drifting with the current of the times; but these stories were interspersed with the real biographies of exceptional Americans who had swum against the current. To give the sense of each passing year there were "Newsreels," consisting of newspaper items and lines from popular songs; and to give a sense of emotional depth, elsewhere lacking in the book, there were the "Camera Eye" passages, based on Dos Passos' own story and his reaction to the events he described.

Perhaps there were too many of these inventions for one novel, or even a trilogy, but all of them were used and developed by younger writers. Reading a group of new war novels last year, I was impressed by the fact that most of them adapted Dos Passos' methods to their own problem of depicting the collective life of men in the armed forces. Norman Mailer, John Horne Burns, Alfred Hayes and Irwin Shaw—like John Steinbeck before them—owe him a bigger debt than they perhaps realize. Like Hemingway in a different fashion he has transformed the American novel.

And he still doesn't happen to be a great fiction writer? Perhaps not; it depends on one's definition of the term. If the test of a fiction writer is his ability to create living characters, then he ranks far down on the list—with Hamlin Garland, let us say, rather than with Dreiser. Among his full-length portraits I can remember only three that impressed me as having life; they were Dick Savage, Sister and Mary French, all in *U.S.A.* Mac, Joe Williams, Charley Anderson and J. Ward Moorehouse receive more attention in the same trilogy, but they are merely types, not personalities. Some of the minor characters are presented with such evident distaste that Dos Passos seems to be holding a cane in his gloved hands and prodding them with it, so that he can report their disagreeable reactions.

I don't see how Chamberlain can say that Dos Passos "keeps his faith in the human being, in the individual" when he presents us with so few individuals to love or hate or admire. As a rule he is much more successful in describing groups or landscapes. Some of his best pages deal with picket lines, courtroom trials and cocktail parties and he never fails to suggest their broader background in American society. But his special talent, which he shares with no other American novelist, is for drawing a private and lyrical emotion from public events. The final episodes of *U.S.A.*, full of bankruptcies, suicides and nervous breakdowns, are probably the highest point in his work; and they are raised to that point not by the objective happenings he describes, but rather by the author's subjective feeling that a whole society was going to pieces like his characters and that he was depicting a moment in American history as cataclysmic as the barbarian invasions.

The feeling does not appear to have been historically justified. At the point where he was greatest, or most nearly great, as a novelist, Dos Passos was being a very inaccurate social reporter, for he was misinterpreting a situation and leading his readers to expect a break-up that never occurred. The real crisis was private, not public; it is disillusionment—there is no other word for it—that has led Dos Passos to change his political allegiances, his standard of values, his judgment of persons and his attitude toward writing novels. In the process of change it seems to me that his inventiveness has disappeared, together with most of his pity and almost all his humor.

As an experiment, I tried rereading *Manhattan Transfer* just after reviewing *The Grand Design*; or rather I started to skim through it for general impressions and ended by enjoying every page. Much of it seemed old-fashioned after a quarter-century and some of the characters might have been copied from cartoons in the old *Masses*; but it was continually inventive, surprising and alive. Although Jimmy Herf was a somewhat vague figure, like most heroes created by authors in their own images, he had a charm and youthfulness completely lacking in Glenn Spottswood and Paul Graves, of the present trilogy. Some of the minor characters, like Cassandra Wilkins and Jojo, were Dickensian gargoyles presented with a mixture of ridicule and affection. The affection is completely missing in *The Grand Design*. Compared with *Manhattan Transfer* it is a fairly well-built but cold and unoriginal tomb.

One more question remains, that of the fidelity with which it reports the Washington scene. When I reviewed the book in the *New Republic* (January 17), I pointed to the fact that part of the plot was impossible. At least four of the characters, I said—mentioning Paul Graves, Georgia Washburn, Joe Wilks and Jed Farrington—had records that for various reasons I specified would have kept them from holding the governmental posts to which Dos Passos assigned them.

John Chamberlain argues the point, in his *New Leader* article. "If a Georgia Washburn couldn't get past the FBI," he says, "how did the person or persons who fed Whittaker Chambers his pumpkin papers ever manage to wriggle into the State Department? Mr. Cowley would have us believe that U.S. security officers were of such high order that no spying was possible in New Deal Washington." Mr. Cowley would have us believe nothing of the sort. He thinks that there was probably a good deal of spying in wartime Washington (which was not New Deal), just as there was in Tokyo, Berlin and Moscow. He also thinks that spying must have been easier in Washington than in those foreign capitals, for reasons that are not too hard to explain.

One reason was that officials and Army officers talked too much at cocktail parties, in their broad American fashion. Another reason was that the FBI was looking for the wrong persons as threats to security. It would

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never have given a favorable report on Georgia Washburn, because she had lived openly with a Communist labor leader, and that is just the sort of item the FBI was quick to discover. At least one girl was discharged for a similar reason during my brief tour of duty. The FBI was also quick to discover persons who had contributed $5 to Spanish Medical Relief or had allowed their names to appear on the letterheads of radical organizations.

Both Chamberlain and Dos Passos had appeared on many letterheads, and I have reason to believe that their dossiers at FBI headquarters were almost as fat—*bien nourris*, the French would say—as was my own. I know that when the Office of Facts and Figures wanted to have Chamberlain do some work on a per-diem basis, there was a delay in getting his name approved; some of the investigative agencies thought that he was too radical and hence a bad security risk. Dos Passos' book gives us not even a suggestion of the reason why foreign agents had an easy time in Washington. The FBI was so busy with hypothetically dangerous persons like Georgia Washburn and John Chamberlain and Malcolm Cowley that it couldn't devote its full attention to tracking down men and women who merely stole government secrets—but without living openly with Communist leaders, like poor Georgia, or giving money to Spanish Medical Relief or letting their names appear on letterheads.

DILEMMA DIPLOMAT

WE'RE ALL IN IT, by Eric Johnston (E. P. Dutton; $2.75).

ERIC JOHNSTON goes off like a Roman candle on the theme that we must use democracy to organize the free portion of the world against Soviet pressure and totalitarian decay. He is so determinedly liberal that, before he is through, he manages almost to sound like a Wallace who happens to be against Russia. This approach gives *We're All in It* a certain nebulous historical importance. It becomes the postwar counterpart of that flood of intensely, almost mystically, pro-democratic books which appeared during the bitter, early stages of the war, such as Wendell Willkie's *One World* and some of its forerunners. Only now it is Stalin, not Hitler, who is to be countered by pure democracy.

And there are other differences. The key volumes of the pure-democracy school of 1941-43 predicted a world at peace, in which we and the Communists would work happily together, with the worser aspects of our capitalism, like the worser aspects of their totalitarianism, blissfully sunk in the word "democracy." It was a world in which we were going to use the promise of freedom to release deep forces in the plain people everywhere, so that they would organize partisan armies against fascism, make ingenious weapons out of their slender resources, and after they had thus overcome the Beast, live independently and happily together in a planetary brotherhood.

The perspectives raised by Johnston are quite different. The best he offers us is a more or less permanently split world. In this world we must forever hold off the Soviet Union with one hand while digging frantically in our shrunken garden of democracy with the other. The methods to be used are no longer those of happy improvisation and self-organization; now the democratic devices are to be huge armies, atomic research, vast American investment funds, government broadcasts. With the best will in the world (namely, Johnston's) something goes out of the presentation when we realize that the reward for many years of arduous and costly effort is to be a world still split, a future still undecided. Johnston is resolutely optimistic, but at the end one feels he is trying to orchestrate a dilemma to make it sound a little like a roundelay.

But his book is useful. It makes one recall the liberal excitements of a few years ago, and suddenly one realizes that what enchanted some liberals then was not communism, but the possibility of reconciliation with communism. It was like a reprieve after a hundred years of social bickering. Liberals of 1941-43, from Willkie down, enjoyed having the approval of ferocious revolutionaries. And revolutionaries enjoyed having the approval of liberals; they must have found it agreeable, I don't care what Lenin says, to learn that not all of the bourgeoisie interminably hated them. It was a movement that did not merely point toward conciliation; it started with conciliation. In spite of the unflagging optimism with which Johnston paves his bumpy pages, one knows that what he really means is that some of the world's wretched old struggles have been resumed, including the one that was so nearly called off on account of Hitler.

A curious thing happens, though, Johnston, too, goes in for a certain kind of reconciliation. Whereas the liberals of a few years ago reconciled communism and capitalism, Johnston reconciles capital and labor. Clearly, he feels the need of getting some love in there to keep his fire burning. And he finds there are no problems which capital and labor cannot settle at the conference table, though obviously there are a number of problems for which, lately, the solution has not been sought at the conference table but in the ballot box.

In any case, Johnston creates a picture in which American labor and capital agree wholeheartedly on all disputed points, teach their methods to other nations and help to spread American influence. He suggests appointing labor leaders as our ambassadors; only they, he finds, can talk to the plain people of the world. Following them abroad would go American investors to build industry in foreign countries, but carefully taking natives into partnership and always leaving control in native hands. Thus, protected by American arms, developed by American funds, the West ultimately would prosper and stand safe against the Soviet Union in a condition of "freedom without want."

There is nothing in all this one can object to. Certainly we need the Marshall Plan, etc. What one does object to in the end is Johnston's brashness. Perhaps we do require a huge army,

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and perhaps we must organize a half-world. If so, we should pursue these policies with some reserve and even distaste, as measures needed to buy time, as the decentest means we can contrive for keeping the issue open while we feel our way. Sometimes one can do no more. What hurts is that Johnston applies too easy a perspective of success to this approach, that he makes a philosophical system out of a set of stopgaps. For we cannot know that we shall succeed. A policy of economic development plus big armies is obviously a policy of not knowing, a policy of watching the cat.

Something happens when Johnston puts a bright, brassy aspect of assurance on this business—he institutionalizes our problem under the illusion that he is solving it. He accepts hostility as an unchangeable fixture of our world, and by doing so he rather intensifies it. We find him saying briskly in one place: "It's naïve to think that we can expect or rely on friendship and coöperation with Russia. . . . What is necessary—absolutely necessary—is power." Later on he qualifies "power" to mean moral power, too; but suppose an identical statement appeared in *Pravda*, with the word "America" substituted for the word "Russia"? We would feel hurt, I think. And that's the complaint that must be made about Johnston's book; by declaring so gleefully and superficially that we have found the solution, he deepens the problem. SAMUEL GRAFTON

THE LUCKY WAR

THE WAR OF 1812, by Francis J. Beirne (E. P. Dutton; $5).

"DETROIT FALLS," "CHICAGO GARRISON MASSACRED," "NEW YORK BLOCKADED," "ENEMY FLEET AT CHESAPEAKE BAY," "MAINE SUBJUGATED," "BOSTON THREATENED," "BALTIMORE ATTACKED BY LAND AND SEA," "WASHINGTON CAPTURED." . . . This is not an Orson Welles script nor a hysterical prevision of an invasion by the Red Army; these are real headlines from American newspapers of more than a hundred years ago when the British, fighting what to them seemed a minor campaign in the war against Napoleon, invaded and successfully paralyzed a good part of what was then the United States. Despite the sound of the headlines quoted, the war was one of the least bloody in history and, if war can ever be funny, one of the most ridiculous. Francis J. Beirne, an associate of Gerald W. Johnson and H. L. Mencken, on the Baltimore *Sun*, has written a succinct account of what was often called "Mr. Madison's War." He employs toward his subject the irony of his better-known colleagues, but never falls into the easy error of treating it as *opera bouffe*. Beirne recognizes that even little wars are hell and that in the War of 1812 "there were heroic episodes and serious overtones that did not lend themselves to frivolous handling."

Americans boast that they have never lost a war (how they fare in the peace that follows is a different matter), but as Beirne's account of what happened between 1812 and 1815 proceeds, the record seems more lucky than skillful. In spite of "Don't give up the ship," "We have met the enemy and they are ours," "The flag was still there," we took quite a beating, but by a combination of circumstances we prevented the British from winning.

This is an unpretentious book, doing what it sets out to do, and it would be unfair to criticize it for dealing inadequately with the large international setting of this crisis in our history. It succeeds admirably in bringing together most of the available information on the matter, drawing, in a generously acknowledged manner, on Henry Adams for the presidencies of Jefferson and Madison and on Samuel Eliot Morison for the Hartford Convention. Beirne is patient with those New Englanders who were reluctant to fight the war and takes the opportunity to point out the fine precedent they set for Southern secession some forty years later.

It is a shame, therefore, that Beirne at the end deserts his "plan to let the story tell itself." In the final pages he noisily pleads for "preparedness" and makes an eloquent defense of the military against the "amateur military strategists." As a historian he must remember that it was a civilian who said, "This war has become too serious to be entrusted to the generals." Unfortunately the boyish pleasure of playing with guns and boats leads him at last to the morally and stylistically incredible conclusion: "Who today would not relish a war on land and sea that cost no more than $127,000,000?" GEORGE MAYBERRY

GLOSSY DILEMMA

THE HEAT OF THE DAY, by Elizabeth Bowen (Alfred A. Knopf; $3).

WHEN ELIZABETH BOWEN published *Ivy Gripped the Steps* several years ago, she explained the stories, with the effect of rather underrating them, as by-products of a novel she was writing about the war. Now that the novel is published, the stories provide an embarrassing contrast. All that Miss Bowen had to say on the subject —English (mostly London) life during the war—seems to have escaped into the shorter pieces. It is not merely that the stories stole the novel's thunder; the shorter pieces prove to have been the more appropriate vehicle for Miss Bowen's purpose. She was confronted by her vivid and various *impressions* as a subject, and she conveyed these in a variety of excellent stories. But in attempting to devise, in the novel, an all-inclusive form for this subject, she has really discovered its slightness—it would not be too much to say its flimsiness—and is constrained to make a book out of innuendo, gesture, coy hints, and runs of "sensitivity," which amounts much of the time to making a book out of what isn't there. The reader's reaction is often one of giddiness from moving, on a precarious thread, over emptiness.

The story is simple enough. Stella Rodney is visited by the mysterious Harrison, who hints sinister knowledge of her lover (Robert), and suggests she save him from the consequences of detection by dropping him in favor of Harrison himself. In one

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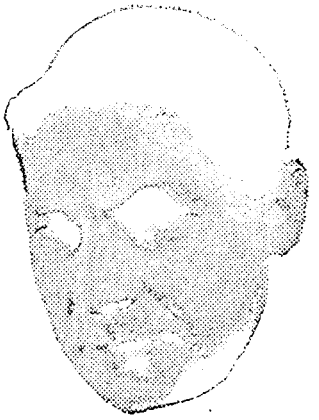

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way and another, the book is spent pondering this dilemma. It's a dilemma that never engaged the reader because nothing that concerned such people could matter the least to him. Only in the most unskilled fiction are characters as anonymous as these.

The men are sticks—terribly handsome, terribly British, with a sense of honor somewhere in their inarticulate depths. They are objectionably boyish and filial (Robert is in fact several years younger than his mistress). Of Stella, the central character, we are told that "generous and spirited, to a fault not unfeeling, she was not wholly admirable; but who is?" Who indeed? There we find, masked as a broad human tolerance, an attitude to character as uncritical as Mrs. Miniver's, one that desperately assumes a community of *niceness*. A household which a keener critic of manners would place (in this case, devastate) with ease, she passes over with "The English, she could only tell herself, were extraordinary." Nor, apparently, is Miss Bowen capable of (or interested in) telling *herself*, or us, much more.

The talk of these people is an astonishing feat of avoiding the specific statement. It is compounded in large measure of the indefinite pronoun and double negative, blanched by qualifications and general parentheses. And the dialogue is not noticeably different from the narrative prose: a nerveless, chic patter, occasionally made tense by emotive terms. The smooth sailing is at the level of "Ernestine's own son, Christopher Robin, was at Woolwich this autumn, quite like it." Pages of that, but it stiffens when the telephone rings during tea, and Robert (who has heretofore betrayed no anxiety), "starting violently, turned in its direction: he stopped in his tracks and listened—tense, fair, game at bay."

The frequent general observations are no better; in their solemn tone of profundity they are often conventional, even commonplace or meaningless. "Habit, of which passion may be wary, may all the same be the sweetest part of love"; "There cannot be a moment in which nothing happens"; "You may imitate but you cannot renew safety." Considerable attention is given to Love in wartime, but the conclusion on this theme is that "we forget that the loves in history have been agonizingly modern in their day."

The failure of this book is disappointing, even surprising, but it reminds us that there has often been in Miss Bowen's work something slick, too much ease, a flair that *would* have its own way. But for her best work she almost deserves her great reputation.

JOHN FARRELL

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THEATRE: Attention!

"ATTENTION MUST BE PAID to such a man. Attention!" The man his wife refers to is Willy Loman, the central figure of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman." Perhaps the chief virtue of the play is the attention that Miller makes us pay to the man and his problem, for the man represents the lower middle class, the $50-a-week-plus-commission citizen, whose dream is to live to a ripe old age doing a great volume of business over the telephone. It was not unusual to hear of this person in the thirties, but in the theatre of the forties he has once more become the forgotten man.

The play has tremendous impact because it makes its audience recognize itself. Willy Loman is everybody's father, brother, uncle or friend, his family are our cousins; "Death of a Salesman" is a documented history of our lives. It is not a realistic portrait—it is a demonstration both of the facts and of their import. "We had the wrong dream," says Biff, Willy Loman's son, and what Miller is saying in terms few can miss is that the wrong dream is one the greater part of America still cherishes.

"The only thing you got in this world is what you can sell," the prosperous man next door tells Willy. This is the harsh fact, but Willy, the poor dear fellow, is not satisfied with it. He wants to be *well-liked*. It is natural and healthy to harbor this desire, but the philosophy of Willy's economic situation denatures this

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sire to the hope of being well-liked or "known" as a way to security, success, salvation. To be a "personality" is to cultivate those traits which make one sufficiently "well-liked" to do a greater volume of business so that one may achieve a brighter place in the sun.

The competition Willy encounters is too tough for his modest talents; the path he has chosen denies his true being at every step. He idolizes the dream beyond the truth of himself, and he thus becomes a "romantic," shadowy nonentity, a liar, a creature whose only happiness lies in looking forward to miracles, since reality mocks his pretensions. His real ability for manual work seems trivial and mean to him. "Even your grandfather was more than a carpenter," he tells Biff. From this perpetual self-denial he loses the sense of his own thought; he is a stranger to his own soul; he no longer knows what he thinks either of his sons or his automobile (he boosts and denounces them both in almost the same breath); he cannot tell who are his true friends; he is forever in a state of enthusiastic or depressed bewilderment. "That man never knew who he was," Biff says of him. He never owns anything outright till his death by suicide (committed to give Biff a foundation of $20,000); he has never been free.

His sons suffer the guilt of the father: Biff, the older, with increasing consciousness; Hap, the younger, stupidly. Hap seeks satisfaction as a coarse ladies' man. Biff cannot find any satisfaction because, being more trusting and sensitive than his brother, he tries to live according to his father's dream with which he has nothing in common—the boy yearns to live on the land. Only toward the end does Biff discover the spiritual hoax of his father's life, the corruption of heart and mind to which his father's "ideals" are leading him. With his father's death, Biff has possibly achieved sufficient self-awareness to change his course; Hap—like most of us—persists in following the way of his father. He will go on striving "to come out No. 1 man." . . . The point of all this is not that our economic system does not work, but that its ideology distorts man's true nature. Willy's well-adjusted neighbor "never took an interest in anything" and has no aspiration beyond the immediately practicable.

Arthur Miller is a moralist. His talent is for a kind of humanistic jurisprudence: he sticks to the facts of the case. For this reason his play is clearer than those of other American playwrights with similar insight whose lyric gifts tend to reflect the more elusive and imponderable aspects of the same situation. There is poetry in "Death of a Salesman"—not the poetry of the senses or of the soul, but of ethical conscience. It might have been graven on stone—like tablets of law. "Death of a Salesman" stirs us by its truth, the ineluctability of its evidence and judgment which permits no soft evasion. Though the play's environment is one we associate with a grubby realism, its style is like a clean accounting on the books of an understanding but severe sage. We cry before it like children being chastised by an occasionally humorous, not unkindly but unswervingly just father. "Death of a Salesman" is rational, dignified and profoundly upright.

Elia Kazan's production conveys these qualities with a swift and masterful thrust—like a perfect blow. He has cast the play admirably, and the entire occasion might be cited as an example of real theatre: meaning and means unified by fine purpose. Lee J. Cobb, who plays Willy Loman, is surely one of the most powerful and juicy actors on our stage today. He displays a tendency in this part to sacrifice characterization to a certain grandiosity. Willy Loman's wife speaks of his exhaustion, and Willy himself refers to his having grown fat and foolish-looking. None of these textual indications is taken into sufficient account, and what is gained in general impressiveness is lost in a want of genuine pathos.

Indeed the tone of histrionic bravura tends to make the others in the cast—for instance, Arthur Kennedy, the beautifully sensitive actor who

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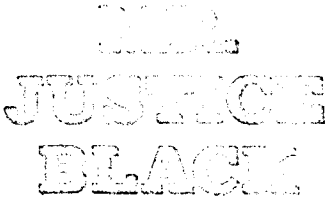

THE MAN AND HIS OPINIONS

by John P. Frank

Justice Hugo L. Black is not only the senior justice of the Supreme Court, but he has a special claim to eminence because of his dramatic leadership of the bloc of justices who stand for the freedom of the individual against the power of the state, and for the re-establishment of the authority of the legislative branch of government.

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plays Biff—push a little too hard. The production therefore pays for its virtues by a lack of intimacy, which is the dimension needed to make the event complete. Mildred Dunnock, in her simplicity and delicacy of feeling, is like the symbolic beacon of everything sound in the production. Tom Pedi, as a waiter, is as real and tasty as a garlic salad; Hope Cameron, in the smallest role in the play, suggests a remarkably touching naïveté. Both have a specific reality that I should have liked to see carried through all the longer parts. But virtually everyone in "Death of a Salesman" is better than good; and the whole marks a high point of significant expression in the American theatre of our time.

HAROLD CLURMAN

ON THE AIR: Listeners, Unite!

In one weekend, two radio producers had similar brainstorms. At Willmar, Minnesota, Maurice Chargo inserted a facetious item into his regular newscast over Station KWLM. He reported that ferocious animals from a stalled circus train were roaming the town. Down at Radio Quito, in Ecuador, Wells's *The War of the Worlds* was dramatized with local detail. Panic seized the citizens of Willmar as of Quito, but there the similarity ends. In Minnesota, the police chief leafed vainly through the book to find legal grounds for slapping a summons on Chargo. In Quito, the citizenry burned down the radio station and the newspaper plant housing it; the Associated Press reported that six deaths and fifteen injuries resulted.

We must, of course, compliment ourselves upon greater discipline—even if we cannot boast a superior sophistication. When Orson Welles terrorized the country with his Mars "invasion" show, in 1938, we grumbled as we recovered from our hour of alarm and then we sat back to wait for learned studies about mass hysteria. There is a supineness, thus, even in our reined ire. While deploring mob justice and arson, we could still raise more effective cain about our broadcasting system. Some 25 million listeners, or 20 percent of the population, think that radio is not serving them adequately with the kind of programs they would like to hear. Yet most of us have not even taken the trouble to discover how *many* we are, let alone made an effort to correct the situation by any action, however polite.

An effective preliminary step would be to buy and circulate a new book, *Radio Listening in America* (Prentice-Hall; $2.50). It is a report on a survey, warranted representative, of 3,529 Americans. The polling was carried out in the fall of 1947 by the National Opinion Research Center. The analysis and interpretation in the volume are the work of Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Patricia L. Kendall, of Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research. And let no one tell you these are wild-eyed radicals intent upon tearing down our capitalist structure. Their wages were paid by the freest of enterprise; their client: the radio industry's National Association of Broadcasters. Lazarsfeld and Miss Kendall are a heroic pair. They gave the reactionary leadership of the organization financing them as pretty a drubbing as even *Pravda* would care to see.

They testify that 20 percent of the radio public "express a desire for more serious programs." These "are very evenly distributed among all educational strata." The tables show that six percent, of the 20, had gone to college; six percent had had only grade-school education.

> On the high school level, there is an even greater number of people [the remaining eight percent]. Respondents with moderate education . . . are especially interested in adult education. They have probably had enough schooling to know its value, but not enough to be completely satisfied. Radio is therefore particularly important for them; it is a medium for self-improvement as well as for entertainment.

The authors press the point to its conclusion:

> When radio was first developing as a mass medium, there was great hope that it would usher in an era of adult education. People who were deprived of educational opportunities in their youth, those who had never acquired too much skill in reading, could now learn just by listening to educational programs. But this hope was never realized. . . . The result was a general feeling of disappointment and discouragement. It seemed that radio education was not here to stay.

But what of the fact that the high Hooperatings are registered so often by the lowbrow programs?

> It is . . . possible that the relative unpopularity of serious radio fare indicates that there are too few of these programs at present, that they are scheduled at inconvenient times, or that their broadcast time is shifted so that it is difficult for them to build up their audiences. . . . Increased supply might be followed by

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increased interest. It would be foolish to make radio so sophisticated that it loses its audiences, but it would be the failure of a mission not to exploit its cultural possibilities.

There is a good deal more in the book, including some data to please the commercial broadcaster. But the principal theme is the broadcaster's social responsibility. He is told plainly that he must "contribute to a systematic rise in the general cultural level." He is reminded that his is not only a business and a craft but also "a social force" about which listeners as a whole tend to "keep their fingers crossed."

The 1947 NAB-financed survey was the second of a series inspired in 1945 by CBS's research-minded president, Dr. Frank Stanton. After the first poll, Dr. Lazarsfeld did the principal job of interpretation in a book called *The People Look at Radio*. This commentator, in company with several others, felt that the people had been led to peek through spectacles polished on the NAB's emery wheel. Consequently, I was suspicious last summer when a preliminary report on the new sampling was released. In fact, I was so skeptical that I went overboard.

One of the questions *was* shamefully loaded—it had to do with the respondents' feelings about the government "running" various enterprises which were listed in this order: coal mines, banks, gas and electric companies, radio stations and newspapers. Since only the NAB was bringing up the problem of socialism, I felt that the cards were being stacked, and I still don't like that shuffle. But I was wrong when I accused Dr. Lazarsfeld of acting as the "juggler" in the NAB's shell-game. That question, it now appears from the complete text, was only one of thirty, and no great capital is made of it.

Readers attuned to the more difficult passages in what Dr. Lazarsfeld calls "social acoustics" may possibly detect other sour notes, but as a layman I must accept the study as a whole as the healthiest with which I am familiar, and compliment the authors for their courage.

I haven't heard any radio documentaries based on the Lazarsfeld-Kendall analysis and interpretation. Nor have any newspaper and magazine publishers, whose bread is buttered on the same side as the broadcasters' slice, done any drum beating for *Radio Listening in America*. But the 20 percent is big enough to make itself felt without burning down anyone's radio station. Between Quito's violence and Willmar's flaccidity there is the path indicated involuntarily by the NAB. Shall we disappoint the philanthropists who gave us our weapon?

SAUL CARSON

MOVIES: Veil of Tears

BECAUSE OF LIMITATIONS inherent in the theatre, biographies of true figures from the past are not often successful on the stage or screen. Because the dramatic form requires a strong narrative thread for unity, the heroes selected are most often ones ridden by an obsession. This in turn requires an actor of unusually strong presence or exceeding subtlety to lift the venture above mere repetitions of a monotone. On the screen, Paul Muni some years ago was successful with Zola; more recently, and more effectively, Pierre Fresnay gave us a triumphant portrayal of St. Vincent de Paul.

Jean-Louis Barrault has tried the genre now a couple of times and it is safe to say that he has not the knack for it. His Berlioz in "Symphonie Fantastique" was feverish but weak; his Henri Dunant in "Man to Men" is a damp and solemn bore. We can

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skip what he did to Napoleon in Sasha Guitry's "Mlle. Désirée" on the supposition that it was meant to be the exaggeration of farce.

Barrault's range of personality, for all its vivacity and delicate beauty, is narrow and self-serving. He can display a drill master's nervous authority and a melting *tristesse* that always includes its author among the objects of its tears. With these two cloaks to his back, he swings up, swings down, while the passing minutes whiten his hair and cosmetics ravage his face.

Henri Dunant founded the Red Cross on the field of Solferino and consolidated it during the siege of Paris. The picture, perhaps in an attempt to compensate by lurid background for the thinness of Barrault's projection, lingers in drawn-out confusion over the battle scenes and insists upon documenting the mutilations of combat. Beyond that, it shows Dunant sinking rung by rung into poverty and oblivion, rising only when the cries of the wounded rouse him, resisting from compunction the love of his wealthy beloved, coming to rest at last in a Swiss home for the aged, where the Nobel Prize finds him out. It could have been genuinely moving and uplifting—as was Fresnay's very similar history of St. Vincent—but it has emerged as merely tearful and introspective sentiment.

The new British picture, "It Always Rains on Sunday," is such mild brew that it was barely worth the trouble of filling out the export-import forms to bring it over here. But since it is available anyway, it is not at all bad entertainment. Like most English films, it compares to advantage with the local product for the warmth of its incidental detail and character and it has the more specific virtue of presenting Googie Withers at the head of its cast.

Miss Withers, despite a first name that irresistibly suggests indiscreet correspondence read out in court, is a sound, impressive and attractive actress. She shares with Françoise Rosay, whose capable personality she recalls, the ability to make younger females appear pale and flavorless, poor things forced to flaunt their sex because they have so little of it. She is a woman to be reckoned with on whatever terms you might care to suggest, and she carries her roles—in this case a barmaid who married one of the solider patrons of the "Compasses" and made him a good wife, take it all in all—with the authority of close observation and mature understanding. She never strains but she is never perfunctory; it is a pleasure to watch Miss Withers dry a dish or run up a flight of stairs after too long acquaintance with the nervous antics of showier fillies, both British and American.

"It Always Rains on Sunday" follows the now familiar British ant-hill technique, a method whereby you scrape away the protective covering from a family, a house, or a neighborhood and show the denizens scurrying about on engrossingly personal but loosely interrelated errands. If you have a fair lot of character actors about —and the English are rich in them— this approach gives you a fine chance to keep a varied byplay bubbling. But the accompanying hazards are an untidy scenario and badly strained coincidence. "It Always Rains on Sunday" is as messy as an unmade bed.

The main story concerns Miss Withers' endeavor to hide a former lover, now on the lam from Dartmoor, behind a succession of doors in a very populated house. To this is added the petty melodrama of a trio of sneak-thieves and a gross of "hot" roller skates, the love affairs of two post-adolescent daughters of the family, the marital difficulties of a small-time band leader and an instance of juvenile blackmail. It is an awkward package and it comes undone at the end, with a number of people doing implausible things for the benefit of the script writers. Still, Miss Withers is clearly worth seeing, and there are also some fine dart playing, street hawking, youthful romancing (innocent and otherwise) and criminal patois.

Back in the days when they were building the railroad across the West, so the story goes, there was a company detective named Luke Smith, who

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never missed his man with a Colt and never raised his voice above a conversational mutter. Hence the movie, "Whispering Smith," with Alan Ladd playing the implacable and soft-voiced hero. It is not a remarkable performance, unfortunately, because a reputation for marksmanship is cheaply won on the screen if the other boys will coöperate by lying down, and certainly this is not a picture to make anyone shout.

Smith's boyhood friend (Robert Preston), in addition to winning the mutual love of their youth (Brenda Marshall), has fallen in with a bunch of rogues led by Donald Crisp and Frank Faylen and given to throwing switches, dynamiting bridges and sanding journal boxes for the loot to be recovered from the resultant wrecks. Smith, a glutton for cheek-turning, pleads on and on with his pal, but at the end—'way at the end—he has to do his duty and I guess he gets the girl. There is the usual hard riding, snappy drinking and shy love making of the Western formula, but this time it is just a little too cardboard for the adult trade.

Technicolor is still spilling a kind of human gore that looks like melted raspberry popsicle. Killings in color should be limited to poisoning and garroting until this laboratory problem is licked.

This department has been in the saddle day and night trying to keep up with the Westerns, and it's plumb wore out. We're not volunteering for any more posses. ROBERT HATCH

CORRESPONDENCE

Situation Wanted

SIR: A large group of the faculty, students and alumni of Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan, are seeking to transplant elsewhere the fruits of the significant educational experiment they have been making. For sixteen years real educators worked earnestly to build a small, Liberal Arts college with these virtues, among others:

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Those interested should contact me care of the Olivet College Teachers' Union, Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan. *Olivet, Mich.* TUCKER P. SMITH

Mathematics for the Millions

SIR: Our national budget reads thus:

76% to the Devil
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How long a country can go on like that remains to be seen.

Pahokee, Fla. R. E. BOE

A Correction

In the *New Republic* of December 6 appeared an article by Thomas Whiteside dealing with the services performed by Albert E. Sindlinger, in aiding authors to put their work into a form likely to be popular and successful.

In the course of his article, Whiteside stated that Sindlinger had provided the title for a novel, *Sir Pagan,* by Henry J. Colyton (whose name was incorrectly given in the article), and had worked on the preparation of the manuscript itself.

We are now advised that these statements were incorrect, and that Sindlinger worked only on the effort to sell motion-picture or radio rights. Contrary to the statement made in the article, these rights have not thus far been sold. – THE EDITORS

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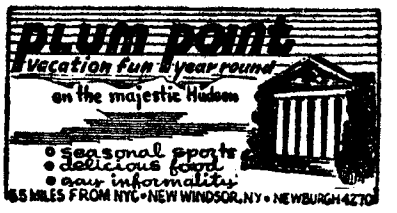

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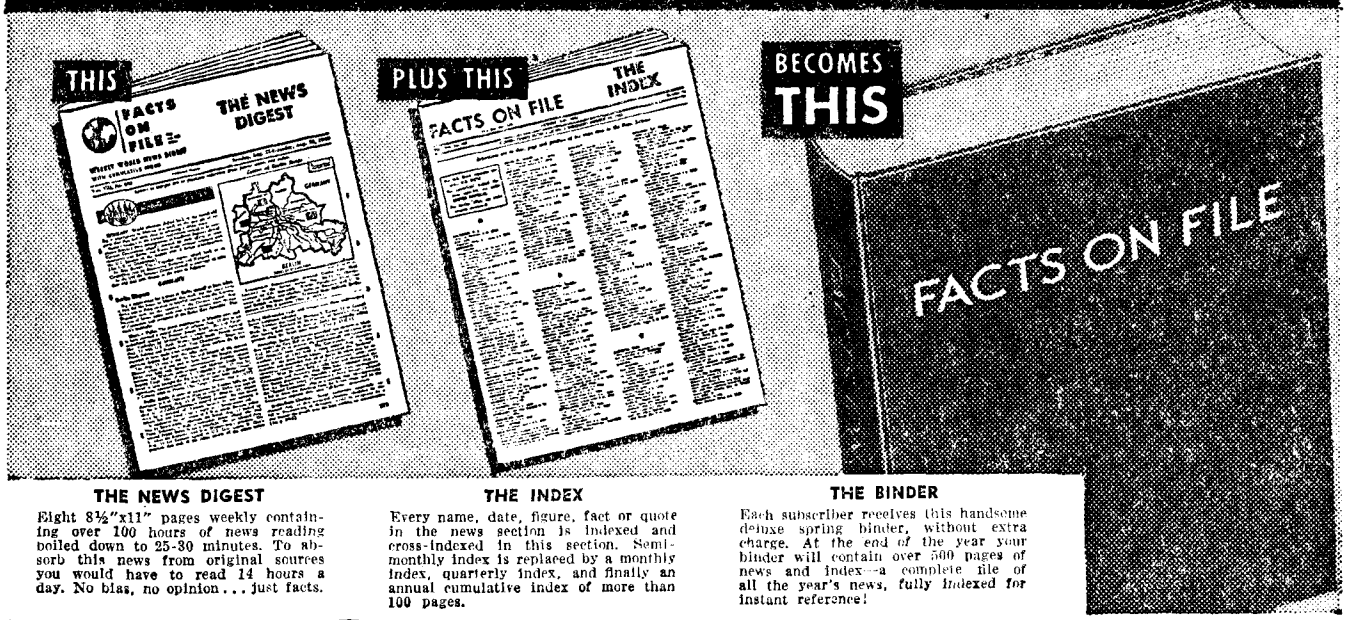

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